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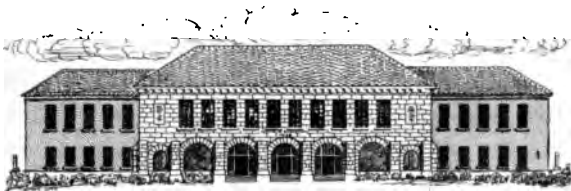
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BOOK SEVEN

THE HERITAGE

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone and gold;
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old —
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art —
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it;
A fellow-feeling that is sure

To make the outcast bless his door —
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
 That with all others level stands;
 Large charity doth never soil,
 But only whiten, soft white hands.
 This is the best crop from thy lands —
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
 There is worse weariness than thine
 In merely being rich and great.
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,
 And makes rest fragrant and benign —
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
 Are equal in the earth at last;
 Both, children of the same dear God,
 Prove title to your heirship vast
 By record of a well-filled past —
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

hold in fee, to own.
be nign', kindly.

in her'it, receive by right of birth.
 sin'ew y, tough.

MAGGIE IN TROUBLE

BY GEORGE ELIOT

MAGGIE and Tom came in from the garden with their father and their Uncle Glegg. Maggie had thrown her bonnet off very carelessly, and coming in with her hair rough as well as out of curl, rushed at once to Lucy. The contrast between the cousins was like the contrast between a rough, dark, overgrown puppy and a white kitten. Lucy put up the neatest little rosebud mouth to be kissed; everything about her was neat.

"Heyday!" said Aunt Glegg, with loud emphasis. "Do little boys and girls come into a room without taking notice o' their uncles and aunts? That wasn't the way when I was a little girl."

"Go and speak to your aunts and uncles, my dears," said Mrs. Tulliver. She wanted to whisper to Maggie a command to go and have her hair brushed.

"Well, and how do you do? And I hope you're good children, are you?" said Aunt Glegg in the same loud, emphatic way. "Look up, Tom, look up. Look at me now. Put your hair behind your ears, Maggie, and keep your frock on your shoulder."

Aunt Glegg always spoke to them in this loud, emphatic way, as if she considered them deaf.

"Well, my dears," said Aunt Pullet, "you grow

wonderfully fast. I doubt they'll outgrow their strength. I think the girl has too much hair. I'd have it thinned and cut shorter, Sister, if I were you; it isn't good for her health. It's that makes her skin so brown,—don't you think so, Sister Deane?"

"I can't say, I'm sure, Sister," said Mrs. Deane, shutting her lips close and looking at Maggie.

"No, no," said Mr. Tulliver, "the child's healthy enough; there's nothing ails her. There's red wheat as well as white, for that matter, and some like the dark grain best. But it would be as well if Bessie would have the child's hair cut so it would lie smooth."

"Maggie," said Mrs. Tulliver, beckoning Maggie to her and whispering in her ear, "go and get your hair brushed,—do, for shame! I told you not to come in without going to Martha first; you know I did."

"Tom, come out with me," whispered Maggie, pulling his sleeve as she passed him; and Tom followed willingly enough.

"Come upstairs with me, Tom," she whispered, when they were outside the door. "There's something I want to do before dinner."

"There's no time to play at anything before dinner," said Tom.

"Oh, yes, there is time for this. *Do* come, Tom."

Tom followed Maggie upstairs into her mother's

room, and saw her go at once to a drawer from which she took out a large pair of scissors.

"What are they for, Maggie?" said Tom, feeling his curiosity awakened.

Maggie answered by seizing her front locks and cutting them straight across the middle of her forehead.

"Oh, my, Maggie, you'll catch it!" exclaimed Tom. "You'd better not cut any more off."

Snip! went the great scissors again while Tom was speaking; and he couldn't help feeling it was rather good fun; Maggie would look so queer.

"Here, Tom, cut it behind for me," said Maggie, excited by her own daring, and anxious to finish the deed.

"You'll catch it, you know," said Tom, hesitating a little as he took the scissors.

"Never mind, make haste!" said Maggie, giving a little stamp with her foot. Her cheeks were quite flushed.

The black locks were so thick, — nothing could be more tempting to a lad who had already tasted the forbidden pleasure of cutting the pony's mane. One delicious, grinding snip, and then another and another, and the hinder locks fell heavily on the floor. Maggie stood cropped in a jagged, uneven manner, but with a sense of clearness and freedom, as if she had emerged from a wood into the open plain.

"Oh, Maggie," said Tom, jumping round her and slapping his knees as he laughed. "Oh, my! what a queer thing you look. Look at yourself in the glass."

Maggie felt an unexpected pang. She had thought beforehand chiefly of her own deliverance from her teasing hair and teasing remarks about it, and something also of the triumph she should have over her mother and her aunts by this very decided course of action. She didn't want her hair to look pretty, — that was out of the question, — she only wanted people to think her a clever little girl and not to find fault with her.

But now, when Tom began to laugh at her, the affair had quite a new aspect. She looked in the glass, and still Tom laughed and clapped his hands, and Maggie's flushed cheeks began to pale and her lips to tremble a little.

"Oh, Maggie, you'll have to go down to dinner directly," said Tom. "Oh, my!"

"Don't laugh at me, Tom," said Maggie, in a passionate tone, with an outburst of angry tears, stamping and giving him a push.

"Now then, spitfire!" said Tom. "What did you cut it off for, then? I shall go down; I can smell the dinner going in."

Tom hurried downstairs and left poor Maggie. As she stood crying before the glass, she felt it *impossible* that she should go down to dinner and en-

dure the severe eyes and severe words of her aunts, while Tom, and Lucy, and Martha, who waited at table, and perhaps her father and her uncles, would laugh at her. If Tom had laughed at her, of course every one else would; and if she had only let her hair alone, she could have sat with Tom and Lucy and had the apricot pudding and the custard! What could she do but sob?

"Miss Maggie, you're to come down this minute," said Kezia, entering the room hurriedly. "What have you been a-doing? I never saw such a fright!"

"Don't, Kezia!" said Maggie, angrily. "Go away!"

"But I tell you you're to come down, miss, this minute. Your mother says so," said Kezia, going up to Maggie and taking her by the hand to raise her from the floor.

"Get away, Kezia; I don't want any dinner," said Maggie, resisting Kezia's arm. "I shan't come."

"Oh, well, I can't stay. I've got to wait at dinner," said Kezia, going out again.

"Maggie, you little silly," said Tom, peeping into the room ten minutes after, "why don't you come and have your dinner? There's lots o' goodies, and mother says you are to come. What are you crying for?"

Oh, it was dreadful! Tom was so hard and unconcerned; if *he* had been crying on the floor,

Maggie would have cried, too. And there was the dinner, so nice; and she was *so* hungry. It was very bitter. But Tom was not altogether hard. He went and put his head near her, and said, in a lower, comforting tone, "Won't you come, then, Maggie? Shall I bring you a bit of pudding when I've had mine — and a custard and things?"

"Ye-e-es," said Maggie, beginning to feel life a little more tolerable.

"Very well," said Tom, going away. But he turned again at the door and said, "But you'd better come, you know. There's the desserts, you know."

Maggie's tears had ceased, and she looked reflective as Tom left her. His good nature had taken off the keenest edge of her suffering.

Slowly she rose from among her scattered locks, and slowly she made her way downstairs. Then she stood leaning with one shoulder against the frame of the dining-parlor door, peeping in when it was ajar. She saw Tom and Lucy with an empty chair between them, and there were the custards on a side table — it was too much. She slipped in and went toward the empty chair. But she had no sooner sat down than she repented and wished herself back again.

Mrs. Tulliver gave a little scream as she saw her, and dropped the large gravy spoon into the dish with the most serious results to the tablecloth.

Mrs. Tulliver's scream made all eyes turn toward

the same point as her own, and Maggie's cheeks and ears began to burn, while Uncle Glegg, a kind-looking, white-haired old gentleman, said: "Heyday! what little girl's this? Why, I don't know her. Is it some little girl you've picked up in the road, Kezia?"

"Why, she's gone and cut her hair herself," said Mr. Tulliver in an undertone to Mr. Deane, laughing with much enjoyment.

"Why, little miss, you've made yourself look very funny," said Uncle Pullet.

"Fie, for shame!" said Aunt Glegg, in her severest tone of reproof. "Little girls that cut their own hair should be whipped and fed on bread and water, not come and sit down with their aunts and uncles."

"Aye, aye," said Uncle Glegg, meaning to give a playful turn, "she must be sent to jail, I think, and they'll cut the rest of her hair off there, and make it all even."

"She's more like a gypsy than ever," said Aunt Pullet, in a pitying tone.

"She's a naughty child, that'll break her mother's heart," said Mrs. Tulliver, with the tears in her eyes.

Maggie seemed to be listening to a chorus of reproach and derision. Her first flush came from anger. Tom thought she was braving it out, supported by the recent appearance of the pudding.

He whispered, "Oh, my! Maggie, I told you you'd catch it." He meant to be friendly, but

Maggie felt convinced that Tom was rejoicing in her ignominy.

Her feeble power of defiance left her in an instant; her heart swelled; and getting up from her chair, she ran to her father, hid her face on his shoulder, and burst out into loud sobbing. "Come, come," said her father, soothingly, putting his arm around her, "never mind. Give over crying; father'll take your part."

Delicious words of tenderness! Maggie never forgot any of these moments when her father "took her part"; she kept them in her heart, and thought of them long years after, when every one else said that her father had done very ill by his children.

e merge', to come out of; to appear. **ig'no min y**, reproach; dishonor.
em phat'ic, to utter in an impressive **de ri'sion**, mockery; scorn; ridicule.
 voice.

THE POET'S REWARD

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THANKS untraced to lips unknown
 Shall greet me like the odors blown
 From unseen meadows newly mown,
 Or lilies floating in some pond,
 Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
 The traveller owns the grateful sense
 Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
 And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
 The benediction of the air.

RALEIGH AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WALTER RALEIGH and his friends, Blount and Tracy, were floating on the princely bosom of the broad Thames, upon which the sun now shone forth with all its splendor.

“There are two things scarce matched in the universe,” said Walter to Blount — “the sun in heaven and the Thames on earth.”

“The one will light us to Greenwich well enough,” said Blount, “and the other would take us there a little faster, if it were ebb-tide.”

“And this is all thou thinkest — all thou carest — all thou deem’st to be the use of the king of elements, and the king of rivers — to guide three such poor caitiffs as thyself, and me, and Tracy, upon an idle journey of courtly ceremony!”

“It is no errand of my seeking,” replied Blount, “and I could excuse both the sun and the Thames the trouble of carrying me where I have no great mind to go, and where I expect but dog’s wages for my trouble. And by my honor,” he added, looking out from the head of the boat, “it seems to me as if our message were a sort of labor in vain; for see, the queen’s barge lies at the stairs, as if her Majesty were about to take to the water.”

It was even so. The royal barge, manned by the

queen's watermen, richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, did indeed lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river, and along with it two or three other boats for transporting such part of her retinue as were not in immediate attendance upon the royal person.

The yeomen of the guard, the tallest and handsomest men whom England could produce, guarded with their halberds the passage from the palace gate to the river-side, and all seemed in readiness for the queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

"By my faith, this bodes us no good," said Blount; "it must be some perilous cause puts her grace in motion at this time. We had best put back again, and tell the earl what we have seen."

"Tell the earl what we have seen!" said Walter; "why, what have we seen but a boat, and men with scarlet jerkins, and halberds in their hands? Let us do his errand, and tell him what the queen says in reply."

So saying, he caused the boat to be pulled toward a landing-place at some distance from the principal one, which it would not, at that moment, have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companions. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the porters told them that they could not at present enter, as her Majesty was

in the act of coming forth. The gentlemen used the name of the Earl of Sussex, but it proved no charm to the officer, who alleged in reply, that it was as much as his post was worth to disobey the commands which he had received.

"Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount; "do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take the boat and return."

"Not till I see the queen come forth," returned the youth, composedly.

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty. In the lowest walk of life, indeed, she would have been truly judged to possess a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding countenance. She leant on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's friendship.

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, kept pulling him backward, till

Walter shook him off impatiently, letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder,—a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person.

Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators.

Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye. She fixed her keen glance upon him as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention toward him yet more strongly.

The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her passing over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, blushed in her turn, nodded



RALEIGH AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount, "your gay mantle will need the brush to-day, I wot."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount, — "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's Master of Horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger. "My orders are directly from her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation, "Who in the world would have thought this?" And shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the water-side by the pensioner, who showed him considerable respect — a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition that they soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by ladies and nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh.

At length one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence. The muddied cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"That was well said, my lord," said the queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe-keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee on the word of a princess."

"May it please your grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose —"

"Thou would'st have gold, I warrant me," said the queen, interrupting him; "fie, young man! I take shame to say that in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means for self-destruction. Yet thou may'st be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be. It shall be gold if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use of it."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, and then modestly assured her, that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy," said the queen, "neither gold nor garment! What is it thou would'st have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam — if it is not asking too high an honor — permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter. "When your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

"Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances — I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends. What is thy name and birth?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious queen, the youngest son of a large but honorable family in Devonshire."

"Raleigh?" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection. "Have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh, — "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your Majesty's ears."

"They hear further than you think," said the queen, graciously; "and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth,

looking down; "but it was where my best is due, and that is in your Majesty's service."

The queen paused, and then said hastily: "You are very young to have fought so well and to speak so well. Now hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, till our pleasure be further known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh, to whom nature had taught those courtly arts which many scarce acquire from long experience, knelt, and as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it.

Sir Walter Raleigh (Raw'li), 1552-1618. An English courtier, officer, colonizer, historian, and poet. He was a favorite of Queen Elizabeth. But on the accession of James I, Raleigh was imprisoned as a traitor to the king, and was finally executed, in 1618.

Elizabeth, Queen of England, 1558-1603. She was a woman of great ability and enterprise, and was devoted to her people. Her reign is famous for commercial prosperity and literary power.

ret'i nue, band of attendants.

bode, to give promise of.

cav a lier', a knight.

King of the elements. People once called air, earth, water, and fire

"the four elements." The "king of the elements," then, is fire.

Here the phrase refers to the sun.

cai'tiff, a mean, low fellow; a wretch.

hal'berd, a long-handled weapon, of which the head had a point and several long, sharp edges.

pen'sion ers, an honorable band of gentlemen who attend the sovereign of England on state occasions, and receive an annual pension.

au'gury, a sign of the future; an omen.

liege'man, a subject; one loyal to his sovereign.

Shan'non, the largest river in Ireland.

BEGINNING TO WRITE

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

FROM a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was laid out in books. Pleased with the "Pilgrim's Progress," my first collection was of John Bunyan's works, in separate little volumes. I afterward sold them to enable me to buy Burton's "Historical Collections"; they were small books, and cheap, forty or fifty in all.

"Plutarch's Lives" I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of De Foe's, called "An Essay on Projects," and another of Dr. Mather's, called "Essays to do Good," which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters, to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the dreaded effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother.

I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and *signed the indentures* when I was yet but twelve

years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books.

An acquaintance with the apprentices of book-sellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small book, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

After some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces. My brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads.

One was called the "Lighthouse Tragedy," and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters. The other was a sailor's song, on the taking of Teach (or Blackbeard), the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub Street ballad style; and, when they were printed, he sent me about town to sell them. The first sold

wonderfully, the event being recent, having made a great noise.

This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet—probably a very bad one; but as prose-writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way.

About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand.

Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion

for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse, and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again.

I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterward with the original, I discovered many faults, and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language; and this encouraged me to think I might possibly, in time, come to be a tolerable English writer—of which I was extremely ambitious.

My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the *New England Courant*. He had some ingenious men among his friends, who amused themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which gained it credit and made it more in demand, and these gentlemen often visited us.

Hearing their conversation, and their accounts of

the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them; but, being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and, writing an anonymous paper, I put it at night under the door of the printing-house.

It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they called in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that, in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose, now, that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that, perhaps, they were not really so very good ones as I then esteemed them.

in den'tures, the contract by which a youth is bound to a master as an apprentice.

jour'ney man, a man hired to work by the day; or, one who has mastered a trade.

im'port, meaning, importance.

Grub Street, a street in London de-

scribed as being much inhabited by writers of the poorer sort. So any poor production is called "grub street."

The Spectator, a series of essays, edited by Joseph Addison, in the form of a periodical, from 1711 to 1712.

Oh, many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken.

— SCOTT.

DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky-way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon my inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

A QUEER SEARCH

JONATHAN SWIFT

Gulliver, who tells this story, says that he was caught in a far-off land by a people called Lillipu'tians. They were only six inches high, and were at first greatly frightened at this huge sailor.

THE Emperor desired I would not take it ill if he gave orders to certain officers to search me; for I might carry about me several weapons, which must be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person. I said his Majesty should be satisfied, for I was ready to strip myself and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered part in words and part in signs.

He replied that, by the laws of the kingdom, I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; that he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them.

I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of

everything they saw; and, when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the Emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is word for word as follows:—

“In the right coat-pocket of the great man-mountain, after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your Majesty’s chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we, the searchers, were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces set us both a-sneezing for several times together.

“In his right waistcoat pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white, thin substance, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures—which we humbly conceive to be writings—every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisades before your Majesty’s court, wherewith we conjecture the man-mountain combs his head; for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us.

“In the large pocket on the right side of his middle cover (so I translate the word by which they meant my breeches) we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber, larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket, there was another engine of the same kind.

“In the smaller pocket on the right side were several round, flat pieces of white and red metal of different bulk. Some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and so heavy that my comrade and I could hardly lift them.

“In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped. We could not without difficulty reach the top of them as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white and round substance about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a prodigious plate of steel, which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and to cut his meat with the other.

“There were two pockets which we could not

enter. These he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his body. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain, which appeared to be a globe, half silver and half of some transparent metal; for on the transparent side we saw certain strange figures, circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance.

“He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill; and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life.

“From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use. We found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

“Having thus, in obedience to your Majesty’s commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left

side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch, divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your Majesty's subjects.

"In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them. The other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

"This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the man-mountain, who used us with great civility and due respect to your Majesty's commission. Signed and sealed, on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your Majesty's auspicious reign.

"CLEFRIN FRELOC.

"MARSİ FRELOC."

When this inventory was read over to the Emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my cimeter, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the meantime, he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge; but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his Majesty.

He then desired me to draw my cimeter, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceedingly bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes as I waved the cimeter to and fro in my hand. His Majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect. He ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain.

The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars, by which he meant my pocket-pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it, and charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch, happened to escape wetting in the sea, I first cautioned the Emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my cimeter. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead, and even the Emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself for some time.

I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my cimeter, and then my pouch of powder and bullets, begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with

the smallest spark and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the Emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale.

He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more acute than ours. He asked the opinions of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse—with nine large pieces of gold and some smaller ones—my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My cimeter, pistols, and pouch were conveyed in carriages to his Majesty's stores, but the rest of my goods were returned me.

pro di'gious, huge.

in'ven to ry, a list of goods.

trans lat'ed, changed from one language into another.

con jec'ture, guess.

pal i sa'does, large stakes set in the ground to form a fence.

ap pre hend'ed, feared.

or'a cle, a person uncommonly wise who makes decisions for others.

aus pi'cious, prosperous; fortunate.

cim'e ter, a curved sword.

mag nan'i mous, unselfish; not easily disturbed.

daunt'ed, frightened.

im pe'ri al, belonging to an emperor.

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745) was born in Dublin, Ireland. He was a graceful writer of great originality and wit. The "Tale of a Tub" and "Gulliver's Travels" are his masterpieces.

THE SEA

BARRY CORNWALL

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow!

I never was on the dull, tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child !



I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea !

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (1790-1874) was an English lawyer and poet, who wrote under the name of "Barry Cornwall."

RIP VAN WINKLE

WASHINGTON IRVING

I

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some changes in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the goodwives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early time of

the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weatherbeaten) there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the goodwives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all the family squabbles; and never failed, when they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle.

The children at the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

Rip would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even although he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulders for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons.

He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of

ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf



Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods. But the moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground; or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of the broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door yelping.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third.

Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when, by chance, an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would *listen* to the contents as drawled out by Derrick

Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy

mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad; whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he returned the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook ~~all the~~ lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side, he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; the evening was gradually advanced; the mountains began to throw their long, blue

shadows over the valleys; and he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from the distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still, evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time, Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen.

Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him. He looked anxiously in the same direction and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin strapped around the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of

buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for a moment, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of



THE GAME OF NINEPINS

them had enormous breeches of similar style to that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and small, piggyish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors.

There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folk were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling;

they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

ba rom'e ter , an instrument which shows the probable changes in the weather.	jun'to , a secret council.
Peter Stuy'ves ant , the last governor of New York under the rule of the Dutch.	ter'ma gant , ill-natured; scolding.
chiv'al rous days , days of warlike or heroic deeds.	vi ra'go , a rough, noisy woman.
mar'tial , warlike.	al ter'na tive , a course of action offered in place of another.
Tar'tars , a host of warlike tribes that were the terror of Asia and Europe in the Middle Ages.	un fre quent'ed , not often visited.
with im pu'ni ty , without punishment.	sin gu lar'i ty , strangeness.
pat ri mo'ni al , coming from a father.	am phi the'a tre , first an oval building with rising tiers of seats about an open space, called the arena; then, anything resembling this.
ru'bi cund , ruby; red.	vis'a ges , faces.
	doub'let , a close-fitting garment reaching from neck to waist.
	hang'er , a short curved sword.

II

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among

the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at ninepins—the flagon. "Oh! that flagon!" thought Rip. "What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun; but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old fire-lock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or a partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle."

With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made a shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand.

He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the

mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before; and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange.

His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village,

which he had left the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been — Rip was sorely perplexed. “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. “My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in good order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. He called loudly for his wife and children — the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it, too, was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan

Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes.

He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches, or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these a lean bilious-looking fellow was haranguing about the rights of citizens, elections, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of seventy-six, and other words, which were a perfect jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was a Federal or Democrat?"

Rip was equally at loss to comprehend the question when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that

the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit "what he came there for, and whom he was seeking?" The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point, others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know; he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress." Rip's heart died away at hearing these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he

could not understand: war, Congress, Stony Point; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded "who he was and what was his name?"

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wits' end. "I'm not myself, I'm somebody else; that's me, yonder,—no, that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed; and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders now began to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired.

At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the

gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" he asked.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it is twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since, — his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one more question to ask, and he put it with a faltering voice: —

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she, too, died but a short time since. She broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms.

"I am your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering *out from the crowd*, put her hand to her brow, and

peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough, it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head, upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. He said it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of the *Half-moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. His father had once seen them in their old

Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had

taken place during his torpor.—How that there had been a Revolutionary War, that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England, and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty, George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point in which he always remained flighty.

The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins.

rois'ter ers, rough merry-makers.

jar'gon, confused language.

met a mor'phosed, changed in form.

phlegm (flem), dulness.

aus tere, severe.

ha rangue', to make a speech; to declaim.

cor rob'o rated, made sure or certain.

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859) was one of the most popular American authors of his day. His "Sketch-Book" and "The Alhambra" are models of graceful prose.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

CHARLES WOLFE

This poem was written after reading an account of the battle of Corunna (Spain) between the English and the French, in 1809. Sir John Moore was commander of the English troops. Abandoned by the Spaniards, and threatened by a great army under Napoleon, he was obliged to retreat, and he was killed while the troops were embarking to leave Corunna. The poem describes his burial in the citadel by his loyal men.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.



MEMORIAL TO SIR JOHN MOORE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;

And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory!
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

up'braid, to charge with something wrong.	reck, care; take heed. go'ry, covered with blood.
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CHARLES WOLFE (1791-1823) was a native of Dublin, Ireland, and a graduate of Trinity College, where he was famed for scholarship and literary ability. Besides this renowned poem, Wolfe wrote one or two songs full of tender pathos and delicate beauty.

GRASS

JOHN RUSKIN

GATHER a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing there, as it seems, is of notable goodness or beauty. There is a very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point, not a perfect point either, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much-cared-for example of Nature's workmanship, made, as it seems, only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven. There is also a little pale and hollow stalk,

feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots.

And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes or good for food—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green.

Consider what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears. The fields! Follow forth for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognize in those words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent, scented paths—the rests in noonday heat—the joy of herds and flocks—the power of all shepherd life and meditation—the life of sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks, and falling in soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck upon the dark mould or scorching dust—pastures beside the racing brooks—soft banks and knolls of lowly hills—thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea—crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices—all these

are summed in those simple words, and these are not all.

We may not measure to the full the depth of this heavenly gift in our own land, though still, as we think of it longer, the infinite meaning of that meadow sweetness, Shakespeare's peculiar joy, would open on us more and more. Yet we have it but in part. Go out, in the spring time, among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There the grass grows deep and free; and, as you follow the winding mountain-paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may, perhaps, at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, "He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains."

There are also several lessons connected with this subject which we must not allow to escape us. Observe, the peculiar characters of the grass, which adapt it especially for the service of man, are its apparent *humility* and *cheerfulness*: its humility, in that it seems created only for lowest service—appointed to be trodden on and fed upon; its cheerfulness, in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and suffering. You roll it, and it is stronger the next day; you mow it, and it

multiplies its shoots as if it were grateful; you tread upon it, and it only sends up richer perfume.

Spring comes, and it rejoices with all the earth — glowing with variegated flame of flowers — waving in soft depth of fruitful strength. Winter comes and though it will not mock its fellow-plants by growing then, it will not pine and mourn and turn colorless or leafless as they. It is always green, and is only the brighter and gayer for the hoar-frost.

flac'id, soft and weak; flabby.

un du la'tion, a wavy appearance or outline.

thy'my, covered with the wild thyme.

va rie ga'ted, having marks or patches of different colors.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900) was an English artist and author.

THE EVENING STAR

THOMAS CAMPBELL

STAR that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary laborer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odors rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirred
Curls yellow in the sun.

THE VIRGINIA INDIANS

JOHN SMITH

WITHIN sixty miles of Jamestown there are about five thousand people, but of able men fit for war there are scarcely fifteen hundred. There is a far greater number of women and children than of men. To support so many together, they have yet no means, because they derive so small a benefit from their land, be it ever so fertile. Six or seven hundred have been the most that have been seen together.

The people differ very much in stature, and especially in language. Some are very great, others very little; but generally tall and straight, of a comely proportion, and of a brown color when they are of age, but white when they are born. Their hair is generally black, and but few have any beard. The men shave one-half of their hair and wear the other half long. For barbers they have the women, who with two shells grate away the hair in any fashion they please. The hair of the women is cut in many fashions suitable to their years, but some part always remains long.

They are very strong, of an able body, and full of agility; able to endure lying in the woods under a tree by the fire in the worst of winter, or in the weeds and grasses in ambuscade in summer. They

are treacherous in everything except where fear constrains them; crafty, timorous, and quick of apprehension. Some are of fearful disposition, some are bold, most are cautious, all are savage, and generally covetous of copper, beads, and suchlike trinkets. They are soon moved to anger, and so malicious that they seldom forget an injury.

Each household knows its own lands and gardens, and most live by their own labor. For their apparel they are sometimes covered with the skins of wild beasts, which in winter are dressed with the hair, but in summer without. The better sort use large mantles of deerskins. Some of these mantles are embroidered with white beads, some with copper, others painted after their manner. We have seen some wear mantles made of turkey feathers, so prettily wrought and woven with threads that nothing but the feathers could be discerned. They were exceedingly warm and very handsome.

They decorate themselves mostly with copper beads and paint. Some of the women have their bodies and faces tattooed with pictures of beasts and serpents, wrought into their flesh with black spots. In each ear they have three great holes, from which they hang chains, bracelets, or pieces of copper. Some of the men wear in those holes a small green and yellow colored live snake, nearly half a yard in length.

Some wear on their heads the wing of a bird or

some large feather, and a rattle, which they take from the tail of a snake. Many have the whole skin of a hawk or some strange fowl stuffed, with the wings spread. Their heads and shoulders are painted red with a kind of root bruised to powder and mixed with oil: this they claim will preserve them from the heat in summer and from the cold in winter.

Men, women, and children have their several names, according to the humor of their parents. The women, they say, love their children very dearly. To make them hardy, they wash them in the rivers in the coldest mornings, and by painting and ointments so tan their skins that after a year or two no weather will hurt them.

The men pass their time in fishing, hunting, wars, and such manlike exercises, scorning to be seen doing any womanlike work. The women and children do all the work. They make mats, baskets, pots, mortars; pound their corn, make their bread, prepare their victuals, plant and gather their corn, and bear all kinds of burdens.

For fishing, hunting, and wars they use their bows and arrows. They bring their bows to the form of ours by scraping with a shell. Their arrows are made, some of straight young sprigs, which they head with bone two or three inches long. These they use to shoot at squirrels on trees. Another sort of arrow is made of reeds. These are pierced with wood headed with splinters of crystal or some

other sharp stone, the spurs of a turkey, or the bill of some bird.

For a knife they use the splinter of a reed to cut their feathers in form. With this knife they can joint a deer or any beast, shape their shoes, buskins, and mantles. To make the notch of their arrows they have the tooth of a boar set in a stick. The arrow-head they quickly make with a little bone, or with any splinter of a stone, or glass in the form of a heart. With the sinews of deer and the tops of deers' horns boiled to a jelly they make a glue that will not dissolve in cold water, and with this they glue the head to the end of their arrows.

For their wars they use targets that are round and made of the bark of trees, and wear a sword of wood at their backs, but oftentimes they use the horns of a deer, put through a piece of wood in the form of a pick-axe, for swords. Some have a long stone sharpened at both ends and used in the same manner. This they were wont to use for hatchets also, but now by trading they have plenty of iron.

In their hunting and fishing they take the greatest pains; and as it is their ordinary exercise from infancy, they esteem it a pleasure, and are very proud to be expert in it. By their continual ranging and travel they know all the advantages and places most frequented with deer, beasts, fish, fowl, roots, and berries. In their hunts they leave their habitations, and, forming themselves into companies,

go with their families to the most desert places, where, they spend their time in hunting and fowling up the mountains, or by the heads of the rivers, where there is plenty of game. For betwixt the rivers the ground is so narrow that little game comes there which they do not devour. It is a marvel that they can so accurately pass three or four days' journey through these deserts without habitation.

In their hunts in the desert they commonly go two or three hundred together. Having found the deer, they surround them with many fires, and betwixt the fires they place themselves. Some take their stand in the midst. They chase the deer, thus frightened by the fires and the voices, so long within the circle that they often kill six, eight, ten, or fifteen at a hunting. They also drive them to some narrow point of land and force them into the river, where with their boats they have ambuscades to kill them. When they have shot a deer by land, they track it like bloodhounds by the blood, and so overtake it. Hares, partridges, turkeys, fat or lean, young or old, — they devour all they can catch.

One savage hunting alone uses the skin of a deer slit on one side, and so put on his arm that his hand comes to the head, which is stuffed; and the horns, head, eyes, ears, and every part are arranged as naturally as he can devise. Thus shrouding his body in the skin, by stalking he approaches the deer, creeping on the ground from one tree to another.

If the deer chances to suspect danger, or stands to gaze, he turns the head with his hand to appear like a deer, also gazing and licking himself. So, watching his best advantage to approach, he shoots it, and chases it by the marks of its blood till he gets it.

When they intend any wars, the chiefs usually have the advice of their priests and conjurers, and their allies and ancient friends; but the priests chiefly determine their resolution. They appoint some muscular fellow captain over each nation. They seldom make war for land or goods, but for women and children and especially for revenge. They have many enemies in all the western countries beyond the mountains and the heads of the rivers.

pro por'tion , the relation of one part (of the body) to another.	ma li'cious , bearing ill-will; spiteful.
a gil'i ty , quickness of motion.	tat too' , to color (the flesh) by prick- ing in coloring matter.
am bus cade' , a lying in wait for an enemy; a snare.	rang'ing , roaming.
treach'er ous , not to be trusted.	con'jur er , one who performs tricks of magic.
tim'or ous , fearful of danger.	mus'cu lar , well supplied with mus- cles; strong.
ap pre hen'sion , here, understanding.	

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH (1579-1632) was one of the founders of the Virginia colony. His "True Account of Virginia," printed in 1608, was the first book written by an Englishman about America.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

—WORDSWORTH.

THE CLOUD

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain;
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder;
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;



Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains;
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As, on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings;

And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbéd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,



“Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me.”

Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch, through which I march,
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair
 Is the million-colored bow;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex
 gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air, —
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 I rise and unbuild it again.

ge'ni i, spirits; supernatural beings.
san'guine, blood-red, ardent, hopeful.
rack, thin or broken clouds, drifting
 across the sky.
ar'dors, deep feelings.
the woof, the cross threads in a web.
 The threads that extend length-
 wise are called the *warp*.
pall, a cloak.

cen o taph', a memorial built to one
 who is buried elsewhere. The
 poet fancifully calls the blue dome
 of heaven the cloud's *cenotaph*,
 because the clear sky is a sign
 that the cloud is buried out of
 sight. The cloud is said to "un-
 build" her *cenotaph* when she
 reappears, and conceals the sky.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822) was an English poet
famous for the melody and lyrical beauty of his verse.

FROZEN WORDS

JOSEPH ADDISON

THERE are no books which I more delight in than in travels, especially those that describe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman, Sir John Mandeville, has distinguished himself by the copiousness of his invention and the greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground, and fairyland.

I have got into my hands, by great chance, several manuscripts of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public; and indeed, were they not so well attested, they would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: a caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet estab-

lished in the world. But as this reason has now no farther weight, I shall make the public a present of these curious pieces.

The present paper I intend to fill with an extract from Sir John's Journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches, which he made in the territories of Nova Zembla. I need not inform my reader, that the author of "Hudibras" alludes to this strange quality in that cold climate, when, speaking of abstracted notions clothed in a visible shape, he adds that apt simile, —

"Like words congeal'd in northern air."

Not to keep my reader any longer in suspense, the relation, put into modern language, is as follows:—

"We were separated by a storm in the latitude of seventy-three, insomuch, that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed in order to refit our vessels and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from the others, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination.


"We soon observed that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards' distance, and *that, too, when we sat very near the fire.* After

much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air, before they could reach the ears of the persons to whom they were spoken.

"I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf: for every man was sensible, as we afterward found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air than they were condensed and lost. It was a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman that could hail a ship at a league's distance, beckoning with his hand, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat; but all in vain.

"We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterward found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter *s*, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue.

"I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those, being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard



everything that had been spoken during the whole three weeks that we had been silent, if I may use that expression.

“It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprise, I heard somebody say, ‘Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship’s crew to go to bed.’ This I knew to be the pilot’s voice; and, upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them until the present thaw.

“My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me, when he thought I could not hear him.

“When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile farther up in the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing, though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done.

“At about half a mile’s distance from our cabin we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first *startled us*; but, upon inquiry, we were informed by

some of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls of a fox.

“We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement; and, upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several unsavory sounds, that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word until about half an hour after; this phenomenon I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt and become audible.

“After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the cabin of the French, who, to make amends for their three weeks’ silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than I ever heard in an assembly, even of that nation. Their language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved.

“I was here convinced of an error into which I had before fallen; for I fancied that for the freezing of the sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath; but I found my mistake when I heard the sound of a kit playing

a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it, upon which one of the company told me that it would play there about a week longer; 'for,' says he, 'finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company who had his musical instrument about him to play to us from morning to night; all which time was employed in dancing in order to dissipate our chagrin.'"

Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reasons why the kit could not be heard during the frost; but, as they are somewhat prolix, I pass them over in silence, and shall only observe that the honorable author seems, by his quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishments of his writings.

parts, faculty, talent.

Sir John Man'de ville (1300-1371?), a famous English traveller. His book abounds in marvellous and extravagant stories.

Fer'dinand Men'dez Pin'to, a Portuguese adventurer and traveller.

Ho'mer, the greatest of the ancient Greek poets. He wrote the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The latter describes the wanderings of Ulysses.

Spen'ser, Edmund Spenser (1552-1599) was a famous English poet. His longest and best poem, "The Faerie Queene," describes in its first book the adventures of the

Red-Cross Knight, who fought and conquered sin.

Hu'di bras, a political poem written by Samuel Butler, in the seventeenth century.

sim'ile, an imaginative comparison.

in clem'en cies, roughness, storminess.

liq'ue fied, melted.

con gealed', frozen.

post'hu mous, occurring or continuing after death.

in ar tic'u late, indistinct.

ob'du rate, rough; harsh; stubborn.

kit, a small violin.

cha grin', vexation.

pro lix', extending to great length.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

In its pale fire,
The village spire
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance;
The painted walls
Whereon it falls
Transfigured stand in marble trance!

Zod'i ac , the so-called zodiacal light, sometimes seen near the horizon just after twilight or before dawn.	trans fig'ured , changed in appear- ance.
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N. P. WILLIS

BRIGHT flag at yonder tapering mast,
Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as Freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars!
Point home, my country's flag of stars!

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804. He was all his life shy, modest, and retiring. After his father died — when he was a very little boy — his mother shut herself up in her room, not even coming downstairs for her meals, and never seeing any one outside her own family. She lived in this way for forty years, and it is not surprising that so sensitive a boy as Nathaniel should have adopted early in life this same habit of living by himself. Because of his loneliness, Hawthorne's childhood was not a very happy one. He used in after years to say that in those days "it was as if there were a ghost in the house," meaning his mother.

Sometimes the boy used to threaten to run away to sea, as many boys have wanted to do before and since. He never carried out his threat, but remained quietly at home instead, reading all the books he could get. He used to lie flat on the floor absorbed in one of Shakespeare's plays or in one of Milton's poems. Most small boys do not care to spend their time reading Shakespeare and Milton, but Hawthorne liked nothing better. On Sundays he used to read "Pilgrim's Progress" hour after hour, never seeming to weary of it.

When Hawthorne was fourteen, he and his mother and two sisters moved to Raymond, Maine. Here the boy became for the first time acquainted with the real country, and he began keeping a diary. His uncle had advised him to write down a few thoughts each day, and the diary containing these thoughts has come down to us as the first book that Hawthorne ever wrote. The book is largely a chronicle of "swapping" knives, swimming and fishing, tracking bears in the snow, shooting hen-hawks and partridges, and like events of a boy's life in wood and field.

"I ran quite wild," he wrote years afterward, "and would, I doubt not, have willingly run wild till this time, fishing all day long, or shooting with an old fowling-piece. . . . These were delightful days. . . . I would skate all alone on Sebago Lake, with the deep shadows of the icy hills on either hand. When I found myself far from home, and weary with the exhaustion of skating, I would sometimes take refuge in a log-cabin where half a tree was burning on the broad hearth."

Unfortunately, this free life which he loved so much, lasted for only a year. As he was then fifteen, it was thought best for him to go back to Salem to school, and there to prepare for college. He now became an even greater reader than before. In a letter to his sister, written at this period, he says, "I shall read 'The Abbot,' by the author of

'Waverley,' as soon as I can hire it. I have read all Scott's novels except that. I wish I had not, that I might have the pleasure of reading them again."

At seventeen Hawthorne entered Bowdoin College, where he was in the class with Longfellow. He is described at this time as "a slender lad, having a massive head, with dark, brilliant, and most expressive eyes, heavy eyebrows, and a profusion of dark hair." We are also told that he carried his head on one side, a habit which gave him an odd appearance. During his college days, some of his relatives and friends planned that he should become a minister. This idea was not at all acceptable to him, and he wrote his mother: "What do you think of my becoming an author, and relying for support on my pen?"

He had already practised writing more or less, and on his return to Salem after his graduation he began literary work in earnest. In 1829 he published his first book, "Fanshawe," at his own expense, but without his name. After this had appeared in print, he wrote and published many short stories, most of which were printed in *The New England Magazine*. In March, 1837, about half of these stories were published in book form under the title "Twice-Told Tales." He did not sign an article with his own name for twelve years after leaving college, but disguised his writings under many different pen names.

This period was one of great discouragement. Hawthorne was very lonely, very poor, and practically unnoticed by the public. He had a little chamber under the eaves in which he sat and wrote. "Here I sat a long, long time," he said later, "waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all."

When he became engaged to be married, he decided that he must look about for other work to do, in order to earn more money. He succeeded in getting a position at the Custom House in Salem, but as he was utterly unsuited to the work, he soon lost the place. Then he tried living for a while at Brook Farm, where many famous literary men and women of that day used to meet. There he rose at daybreak, milked cows, hoed potatoes, raked hay, and for a short time was a true farmer. But he did not like this life any better than that of the Custom House, and in 1842 he married and removed to Concord. The young writer and his wife had to struggle to "make both ends meet." During this time he wrote but little.

He always composed slowly and with difficulty, and found it impossible to write much at one time. He was too dreamy and sensitive a man to succeed in business, and all his attempts in that direction failed. He was a second time appointed to a position in the Salem Custom House, this time to the

important post of inspector, but he was a second time dismissed.

After this dismissal he settled down to writing once more, and in 1850 brought out "The Scarlet Letter," which established his fame. The scene of this story was laid in Salem, as was that of "The House of Seven Gables," which followed. His two famous children's books, "The Wonder-Book," and "Tanglewood Tales," belong in this successful period of his life. The latter book has been called "a work of sunshine from cover to cover."

Hawthorne was perfectly devoted to his children and used to have good times with them. "He made those spring days memorable to his children," his son writes. "He made them boats to sail on the lake, and kites to fly in the air; he took them fishing and flower-gathering, and tried to teach them swimming. In the autumn they all went nutting, and filled a certain disused oven in the house with bags upon bags of nuts. The children's father displayed extraordinary activity and energy on these nutting expeditions. Standing on the ground at the foot of a tall walnut tree, he would bid them turn their backs and cover their eyes with their hands; then they would hear, for a few seconds, a sound of rustling and scrambling, and, immediately after, a shout, whereupon they would uncover their eyes and gaze upward; and lo! there was their father—swaying and soaring high aloft on the topmost

branches. And then down would rattle showers of ripe nuts, which the children would diligently pick up. It was all a splendid holiday; and they cannot remember when their father was not their playmate, or when they ever desired or imagined any other playmate than he."

In 1853, Hawthorne was sent to Liverpool, England, as United States Consul. He was so shy that he did not make acquaintances very readily among the well-known writers and literary men in England, but he was very careful about fulfilling his public duties. When his term of office was ended, he and his family went to Italy, settling first in Rome, and then in Florence. Here it was that Hawthorne wrote the famous "Marble Faun." This was the last book from his hand, for he died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, shortly after his return to this country (May 19, 1864).

Hawthorne's style is considered very remarkable. It is quite unlike that of any other writer, and a single paragraph quoted from one of his books is easy to recognize as his work. He wrote fewer books than most noted writers, but on this very account those that he has given us are all the more valuable.

ab sorbed', wholly engaged.

chron'i cle, a record.

ex haus'tion, utter weariness.

mas'sive, large and heavy in appearance.

pro fu'sion, a very large quantity.

mem'o ra ble, worthy to be remembered.

dil'i gent ly, actively; in a painstaking way.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

THAT very singular man old Dr. Heidegger once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen — Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne — and a withered gentlewoman whose name was the widow Wycherly. It is a circumstance worth mentioning that these three old gentlemen were early lovers of the widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And before proceeding further I will merely hint that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves, as is not infrequently the case with old people when worried either by present troubles or woful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber festooned with cobwebs and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken book-cases, filled with books. *Over the central book-case was a bronze bust of*

Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations in all difficult cases of his practice. Between two of the book-cases hung a looking-glass, within a tarnished gilt frame.

The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady, but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions and died on the bridal evening.

The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned: it was a ponderous folio volume bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic, and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it merely to brush away the dust, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor and several faces had peeped forth from the mirror, while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned and said, "Forbear!"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale a small round table as black as ebony stood in the centre of the room, sustaining a cut glass vase of beautiful form and elab-

orate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase; so that a mild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air-pump or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his friends. But without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber and returned with the same ponderous folio bound in black leather which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh — "this same withered and crumbling flower — blossomed five and fifty years ago. It was given me by *Sylvia Ward*, whose portrait hangs yonder, and I

meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five and fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Dr. Heidegger. He uncovered the vase and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a deathlike slumber, the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green, and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full-blown, for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dewdrops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends — carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjurer's show. "Pray, how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the Fountain of Youth," asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce de Leon, the

Spanish adventurer, went in search of two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce de Leon ever find it?" said the widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story; "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger. "And all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. Little bubbles were continually ascending *from the depths* of the glasses and bursting in sil-

very spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties, and, though utter sceptics as to its power to make them young again, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and a shame it would be if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age!"

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer except by a feeble and tremulous laugh, so very ridiculous was the idea that, knowing how closely Repentance treads behind the steps of Error, they should ever go astray again.

"Drink, then," said the doctor, bowing. "I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment."

With palsied hands they raised the glasses to their lips. The water, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more wofully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been always

the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures, who now sat stooping round the doctor's table without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water and replaced their glasses on the table.

There was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party, together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful glow on their cheeks instead of the ashen hue. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a young woman again.

"Give us more of this wondrous water," cried they, eagerly. "We are younger, but we are still too old. Quick! give us more!"

"Patience, patience!" quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment with philosophic coolness. "You have been a long time growing old; surely you might be content to grow young in half an hour. But the water is at your service." Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren.

While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table and swallowed the contents at a single gulp. Was it delusion? Even while the draught was passing down their throats it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright: a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks; they sat around the table, three gentlemen of middle age and a woman hardly beyond her buxom prime.

The three gentlemen behaved in such a manner as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities — unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past, present, or future could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret.

Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly song and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the widow Wycherly. On the

other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs.

As for the widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror courtesying and simpering to her own image and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world besides. She thrust her face close to the glass to see whether some long remembered wrinkle or crow's-foot had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

"My dear old doctor," cried she, "pray favor me with another glass."

"Certainly, my dear madam — certainly," replied the doctor. "See! I have already filled the glasses."

There, in fact, stood the four glasses brimful of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it bubbled from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds.

It was now so nearly sunset that the chamber had grown duskier than ever, but a mild and moonlike splendor gleamed from within the vase and rested alike on the four guests and on the doctor's ven-

erable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately carved oaken arm-chair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time, whose power had never been disputed save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage.

But the next moment the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares and sorrows and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream from which they had joyously awakened. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings in a new-created universe.

"We are young! We are young!" they cried, exultingly.

They were a group of merry youngsters almost maddened with the frolicsomeness of their years. The most singular effect of their gayety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire,—the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor like a gouty grandfather;

one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an arm-chair and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully and leaped about the room.

The widow Wycherly — if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow — tripped up to the doctor's chair with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

"Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me;" and then the four young people laughed louder than ever to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

"Pray excuse me," answered the doctor, quietly. "I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner."

"Dance with me, Clara," cried Colonel Killigrew.

"I will be her partner," shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

"She promised me her hand fifty years ago," exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalry, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grandsires ridiculously contending for a shrivelled grandma.

Soon the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro the table was overturned, and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly, which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

"Come, come, gentlemen! Come, Madam Wycherly!" exclaimed the doctor. "I really must protest against this riot."

They stood still and shivered, for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved arm-chair holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand the four rioters resumed their seats—the more readily because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

"My poor Sylvia's rose!" exclaimed Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds. "It appears to be fading again."

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it the flower continued to shrivel up, till it

became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

"I love it as well thus as in its dewy freshness," observed he, pressing it to his withered lips.

While he spoke the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head and fell upon the floor. His guests shivered again. A strange chillness—whether of the body or spirit they could not tell—was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a lifetime been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people sitting with their old friend Dr. Heidegger?

"Are we grown old again so soon?" cried they, dolefully.

In truth, they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue more transient than that of wine. Yes, they were old again.

"Yes, friends, ye are old again," said Dr. Heidegger, "and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well, I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very doorstep, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me."

But the doctor's four friends had taught no such

lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida and quaff at morning, noon, and night from the Fountain of Youth.

Hip poc'ra tes , an ancient Greek, called the Father of Medicine.	mir'a cle , a very wonderful thing.
pre scrip'tion , a doctor's order for medicine.	scep'tic , unbeliever.
e lab'o rate , finished with great care.	de crep'i tude , infirm old age.
Poncé de Leon (pōn'thā dā lā'ōn), a Spanish soldier, conqueror of Porto Rico and discoverer of Florida.	de lu'sion , false belief.
im bibe' , to take in.	bux'om prime , gay and pretty youth.
	ex hil a ra'tion , joyousness.
	vogue , fashion.
	troll , to sing loudly.
	sym'pho ny , a harmony of sounds pleasing to the ear.

THE VALUE OF WISDOM

HAPPY is the man that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding.
For the merchandise of it is better than the mer-
chandise of silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies:
And none of the things thou canst desire are to be
compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand;
In her left hand are riches and honor.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.
She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her:
And happy is every one that retaineth her.



THE SHADED WATER

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

WHEN that my mood is sad, and in the noise
And bustle of the crowd I feel rebuke,
I turn my footsteps from its hollow joys
And sit me down beside this little brook:
The waters have a music to mine ear
It glads me much to hear.

It is a quiet glen, as you may see,
Shut in from all intrusion by the trees,
That spread their giant branches, broad and free,
The silent growth of many centuries;
And make a hallowed time for hapless moods,
A sabbath of the woods.

Few know its quiet shelter, — none, like me,
Do seek it out with such a fond desire,

Poring in idlesse mood on flower and tree,
And listening as the voiceless leaves respire, —
When the far-travelling breeze, done wandering,
Rests here his weary wing.

And all the day, with fancies ever new,
And sweet companions from their boundless store,
Of merry elves bespangled all with dew,
Fantastic creatures of the old-time lore,
Watching their wild but unobtrusive play,
I fling the hours away.

A gracious couch — the root of an old oak
Whose branches yield it moss and canopy —
Is mine, and, so it be from woodman's stroke
Secure, shall never be resigned by me;
It hangs above the stream that idly flies,
Heedless of any eyes.

There, with eye sometimes shut, but upward bent,
Sweetly I muse through many a quiet hour,
While every sense on earnest mission sent,
Returns, thought laden, back with bloom and
flower
Pursuing, though rebuked by those who toil,
A profitable toil.

And still the waters trickling at my feet
Wind on their way with gentlest melody,
Yielding sweet music, which the leaves repeat,
Above them, to the gay breeze gliding by, —

Yet not so rudely as to send one sound
Through the thick copse around.

Sometimes a brighter cloud than all the rest
Hangs o'er the archway opening through the trees,
Breaking the spell that, like a slumber, pressed
On my worn spirit its sweet luxuries, —
And with awakened vision upward bent,
I watch the firmament.

How like — its sure and undisturbed retreat,
Life's sanctuary at last, secure from storm —
To the pure waters trickling at my feet
The bending trees that overshadow my form!
So far as sweetest things of earth may seem
Like those of which we dream.

Such, to my mind, is the philosophy
The young bird teaches, who, with sudden flight,
Sails far into the blue that spreads on high,
Until I lose him from my straining sight, —
With a most lofty discontent to fly,
Upward, from earth to sky.

i'dlesse, an old form of the word idleness.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS (1806–1870) was born in Charleston, S. C. He wrote plays, poems, and novels, celebrating the brave and chivalrous deeds of the Southern people.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once
will never do anything. — SAMUEL JOHNSON.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

THERE was a time when it seemed as if the American Presidents were not so remarkable and able men as formerly, and sometimes the newspapers said that perhaps they would never be so again. But in 1861 there began a war between the Northern and Southern states, growing out of the institution called slavery; and it was found that the new President who had been elected just at the beginning of this war, was in some ways the most remarkable and certainly the most popular President the nation had ever had. His trials and anxieties were much greater than those of any other President since Washington. But he bore them so bravely and cheerfully that he has been loved and admired ever since all over the Union, and even among those who fought against him in the war.

Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Ky., in a wild and almost uninhabited region. The house in which he was born was a log cabin without doors or windows or even floors. His father had never been to school and could neither read nor write. His mother could read, but as for writing, could only sign her name. When the boy was old enough to go to *school*, it happened that a little school was opened

about four miles away ; and though the teacher was very ignorant, the boy was sent to it for eight or ten weeks. Then the family moved to Indiana.

Abraham did not go to school any more, because there was no school near, but he used to read by the open fire. He practised writing on the ground or on the snow, or with a burnt stick on the bark of trees. He worked hard in other ways ; often he used to shoot deer and wild turkeys for the family dinner.

There were three books in the house, the Bible, the Catechism, and a spelling book. Later, Abraham's father saw a copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" at the house of a friend twenty miles away, and borrowed it for his boy ; and some one else gave him "Æsop's Fables." When he was ten years old he went to a better school than he had yet attended, and his father bought him a second-hand arithmetic to use. His new teacher lent him Weems's "Life of Washington."

As Abraham grew older, he grew very strong, and was much more than six feet tall. He was the best wrestler in his circle of companions. When he was about eighteen he had an opportunity to go down to New Orleans with another youth on a flat-boat with a load of bacon and other commodities ; and so he went from home for the first time.

The young Lincoln got possession of a law book containing the laws of Indiana, which he read with great delight. So anxious was he to see a real trial

in a court room that he walked fifteen miles to attend one. This first experience delighted him so much that he walked to the same court again and again.

When Lincoln was nearly twenty-one years of age, his father removed again, this time to Illinois. Here he built a log-house, with the aid of Abraham and his brother John, who ploughed and fenced fifteen acres of land. A man who worked with Lincoln occasionally, said that Abraham was the roughest looking fellow he ever saw, but that he knew more than anybody else. His dress was "comical." This man also said: "He was always talking history and politics and great men, and I have seen him going to his work with a book in his hand. He could split more rails in a day than any other man. He was strong as an ox and never got tired."

Lincoln was afterwards a country merchant for a time, and later still was pilot on a steamer. He gained his first experience as a soldier in an Indian war. After his return from this little war, he became a lawyer, and was sent to the legislature. Finding a political career to his taste, he went east to take part in political conventions, always making a good impression by his earnestness and enthusiasm.

He was elected President of the United States in 1861, just as the Civil War was breaking out. The war really began on April 12, 1861, when the *South* Carolina troops fired upon Fort Sumter in

Charleston harbor. They captured the fort the next day. President Lincoln immediately issued a proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers. He soon found himself very busy at Washington. He had to superintend the raising of troops and the collecting of money to support them. He had to provide weapons and ammunition and tents,—in fact, everything needed by soldiers. Knowing nothing of war himself, except in rough Indian fighting on the frontiers, the new President had to study the methods of war.

He showed a spirit of great justice and humanity, but he insisted upon having everything reported to him personally, keeping his watchful eye upon everything that was done by his generals, and removing from command those whom he found unfit. He went constantly to the hospitals, where he was very much loved by the soldiers, among whom he was commonly known as "Father Abraham." All this time he was longing to have the war brought to an end, and trying to follow all methods that would close it as soon as possible. During all these years of labor and anxiety, every one who went to see him found him always cheerful and good-natured, able to tell good stories, of which he had an unfailing store, and to crack jokes with all comers. He seemed to find in this merriment a relief from care and anxiety.

On January 1, 1863, the President issued a

proclamation which many people regarded as the most important event of the war. He made up his mind that the existence of slavery was the real cause of the war, and that there would be no real peace until slavery should be abolished. He therefore declared, as President of the United States and as Commander-in-chief of the army, the abolition of slavery on American territory. While there were people, even in the North, who opposed this proclamation bitterly, it was of course received with great enthusiasm by the slaves whom it set free, and by all their friends at the North.

In the autumn of that same year, President Lincoln gave an address on the battle-field at Gettysburg (Pennsylvania), which has ever since been regarded as one of the most eloquent ever made in America. The occasion of the address was the dedication of the national cemetery, and its conclusion was as follows: "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Although not a soldier, the President had proved himself a very brave man. For instance, when the city of Richmond had surrendered to General Grant, the President was in the vicinity, and went at once to show himself in public in the city, as it had been the capital of the Confederate government. Com-

monly in wars between nations, when the head of one nation after the war enters the capital of another nation as a conqueror, he goes with great display, making the occasion as grand as possible.

In this case, however, President Lincoln entered the city as quietly as possible. He had been cautioned against doing it at all. When he decided to go, he telegraphed to the Secretary of War at Washington, "I am about to enter Richmond." The Secretary telegraphed back at once, "Do not imperil your life in that way." The next morning the President telegraphed again: "I received your despatch, yesterday. Went to Richmond and returned this morning." The fact was that he had gone in publicly, but without making a show of military triumph, and so carried his point without stirring up the people at Richmond to any rash act of violence.

On the 14th of April, 1865, came the anniversary of the surrender of Fort Sumter, just four years before, and arrangements had been made for hoisting the United States flag in its former place. There was to be a celebration at Ford's Theatre in Washington in the evening, and President Lincoln, General Grant, and others were present. When the President entered there was great enthusiasm, and then the performance of the evening went on. But after about an hour the crack of a pistol was heard, and a man leaped from the President's private box to the stage, shouting, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" (So

may it ever be with tyrants!) Somebody called out the name of the man, John Wilkes Booth, but he had disappeared. Mr. Lincoln had been shot through the back of the head by the assassin, and died early the following morning, April 15, 1865.

The whole nation was filled with mourning. The body was borne in a funeral car from Washington to Springfield amid signs of grief everywhere. The people of the towns and villages along the way gathered at the railway stations with signs of mourning, and with tolling bells.

Many remembered that the President had said, while on his way to Washington, four years before, that the country must be saved on the principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence, and he had added, "Now, my friends, can this country be saved on this basis? If it can, I shall consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. . . . But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on the spot." Though he was assassinated, his fervent wish was fulfilled.

in sti tu'tion, an established order, method, or custom.	el'o quent, expressing strong feeling in a powerful way.
Cat'e chism, a book of questions and answers about religious subjects.	an ni ver'sa ry, a day celebrated every year.
en thu'si asm, strong feeling in behalf of some cause.	ded i ca'tion, the act of setting apart for a sacred use.
am mu ni'tion, powder, shot, shells, etc.	as sas'si nate, to kill by surprise; to murder.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN
THE STATUE BY ST. GAUDENS, IN LINCOLN PARK. CHICAGO

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

SHYLOCK, the Jew, lived at Venice: he was an usurer, who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man, exacted the payment of the money he lent with such severity that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice. Shylock hated Antonio as much, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent. Therefore there was great enmity between this covetous Jew and the generous merchant Antonio.

Antonio was the kindest man that lived, the best conditioned, and had the most unwearied spirit in doing courtesies. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who, having but a small patrimony, had nearly exhausted this little fortune by living in too expensive a manner for his slender means. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him. It seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.

One day Bassanio came to Antonio, and told him that he wished to repair his fortune by a wealthy

marriage with a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father, that was lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate ; but not having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the lover of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many favors he had shown him by lending him three thousand ducats.

Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend. But as he expected soon to have ships come home laden with merchandise, he said he would go to Shylock, the rich money-lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships.

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked the Jew to lend him three thousand ducats upon any interest he should require, to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea. On this, Shylock thought within himself: —

“If I can catch him once upon the hip
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him !”

Antonio, finding he was musing within himself and did not answer, and being impatient for the money, said, “Shylock, do you hear? will you lend the money?” To this question the Jew replied: —

“Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my money and my usances :
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help :
Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say
‘Shylock, we would have moneys’ : you say so ;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold : moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you ? Should I not say
‘Hath a dog money ? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?’ Or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman’s key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this ;
‘Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurn’d me such a day ; another time
You call’d me dog ; and for these courtesies
I’ll lend you thus much moneys’ ?

Antonio. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends ; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend ?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shylock. Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me :
This is kind I offer.

Bassanio. This were kindness.

Shylock. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Antonio. Content, i' faith : I'll seal to such a bond
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bassanio. You shall not seal to such a bond for me :
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Antonio. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it.
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shylock. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,

To buy his favor, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Antonio. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shylock. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you."

At last, against the advice of Bassanio, who, notwithstanding all the Jew had said of his kind intentions, did not like his friend to run the hazard of this shocking penalty for his sake, Antonio signed the bond, thinking it really was (as the Jew said) merely in sport.

The rich heiress that Bassanio wished to marry lived near Venice, at a place called Belmont: her name was Portia. Bassanio, being so kindly supplied with money by his friend Antonio at the hazard of his life, set out for Belmont with a splendid train, and attended by a gentleman of the name of Gratiano. Bassanio proved successful in his suit, and Portia in a short time consented to accept him for a husband.

Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no fortune, and that his high birth and noble ancestry was all that he could boast of. She, who loved him for *his worthy* qualities, and had riches enough not to

regard wealth in a husband, answered with a graceful modesty: —

“ Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted : but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o’er myself ; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord : I give them with this ring.”

Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder at the gracious manner in which the rich and noble Portia accepted a man of his humble fortunes, that he could not express his joy and reverence to the dear lady who so honored him, by anything but broken words of love and thankfulness ; and taking the ring he vowed never to part with it.

Gratiano and Nerissa, Portia’s waiting-maid, were in attendance upon their lord and lady, when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of Bassanio. Gratiano, wishing Bassanio and the generous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time.

“ With all my heart, Gratiano,” said Bassanio, “ if you can get a wife.”

Gratiano then said that he loved the lady Portia’s fair waiting gentlewoman Nerissa, and that she had promised to be his wife if her lady married Bassanio. Portia asked Nerissa if this was true. Nerissa replied, “ Madam, it is so, if you approve of it.” Portia

willingly consented, while Bassanio pleasantly said, "Then our wedding-feast shall be much honored by your marriage, Gratiano."

The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio's letter, Portia feared it told him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale; and when she inquired what was the news which had so distressed him, he said, "O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper: gentle lady, when I first imparted my love to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had ran in my veins; but I should have told that I had less than nothing, being in debt."

Bassanio then told Portia what has been here related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio and of Antonio's procuring it of Shylock the Jew, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day: and then Bassanio read Antonio's letter, the words of which were:—

"Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since, in paying, it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

"O my dear love," said Portia, "despatch all business, and be gone; you shall have gold to pay the

money twenty times over, before this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault ; and as you are so dearly bought, I will dearly love you."

Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money. They were married that same day, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa. Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison.

The day of payment being past, the cruel Jew would not accept the money which Bassanio offered him, but insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. A day was appointed to try this shocking cause before the duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

When Portia parted with her husband, she spoke cheeringly to him, and bade him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned. Yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio, and when she was left alone, she began to think and consider within herself, if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend. Being now called forth into action by the peril of her honored husband's friend, she did not doubt her own powers, and by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment, at once resolved to go herself to Venice, and speak in Antonio's defence.

Portia had a relation who was a counsellor in the law. To this gentleman, whose name was Bellario, she wrote, and stating the case to him, desired his opinion, and prayed that with his advice he would also send her the dress worn by a counsellor. When the messenger returned, he brought from Bellario letters of advice how to proceed, and also everything necessary for her equipment.

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and putting on the robes of a counsellor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk. They set out immediately and arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The cause was just about to be heard before the duke in the senate house, when Portia entered this high court of justice, and presented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned counsellor wrote to the duke, saying, that he would have come himself to plead for Antonio, but that he was prevented by sickness. He requested that the learned young doctor Balthasar (so he called Portia) might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the duke granted, wondering much at the youthful appearance of the stranger, who was prettily disguised by her counsellor's robes and her large wig.

And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and saw the merciless Jew; and she saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in gave this tender lady courage. First of all she addressed herself to Shylock; and allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of *mercy*, that any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's would have been softened; saying: —

“The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.”

Shylock answered her only by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond.

“Is he not able to pay the money?” asked Portia.

Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire. But Shylock refused, and still insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. Bassanio begged the learned young counsellor to endeavor to wrest the law a little, to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock, hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, thought that she was pleading in his favor, and he said, "A Daniel is come to judgment! O wise young judge, how I do honor you! How much elder are you than your looks!"

Portia now desired Shylock to let her look at the bond; and when she had read it, she said, "This bond is forfeited, and by this the Jew may lawfully claim a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest Antonio's heart." Then she said to Shylock, "Be merciful: take the money, and bid me tear the bond." But the cruel Shylock would show no mercy; and he said, "By my soul I swear, there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me."

"Why, then, Antonio," said Portia, "you must prepare your bosom for the knife." While Shylock was sharpening a long knife with great eagerness to cut off the pound of flesh, Portia said to Antonio, "Have you anything to say?" Antonio with a calm resignation replied that he had but little to say, for he had prepared his mind for



PORTIA AND SHYLOCK

death. Then he said to Bassanio, "Give me your hand, Bassanio! Fare you well! Grieve not that I am fallen into this misfortune for you. Commend me to your honorable wife, and tell her how I have loved you!"

Bassanio in the deepest affliction replied, "Antonio, I am married to a wife, who is as dear to me as life itself; but life itself, my wife, and all the world, are not esteemed with me above your life: I would lose all, I would sacrifice all to this devil here, to deliver you."

Portia heard this, and though the kind-hearted lady was not at all offended with her husband for expressing the love he owed to so true a friend as Antonio in these strong terms, yet she could not help answering, "Your wife would give you little thanks, if she were present, to hear you make this offer."

And then Gratiano, who loved to copy what his lord did, thought he must make a speech like Bassanio's; and Nerissa, who was writing in her clerk's dress by the side of Portia, heard him say: "I have a wife, whom I protest I love; I wish she were in heaven, if she could but entreat some power there to change the cruel temper of this currish Jew." "It is well you wish this behind her back, else you would have but an unquiet house," said Nerissa.

Shylock now cried out impatiently, "We trifle time; I pray pronounce the sentence." And now

all was awful expectation in the court, and every heart was full of grief for Antonio.

Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh; and she said to the Jew, "Shylock, you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death." Shylock, whose whole intent was that Antonio should bleed to death, said, "It is not so named in the bond." Portia replied, "It is not so named in the bond, but what of that? It were good you did so much for charity." To this all the answer Shylock would make was, "I cannot find it; it is not in the bond."

"Then," said Portia, "a pound of Antonio's flesh is thine. The law allows it, and the court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast. The law allows it, and the court awards it." Again Shylock exclaimed, "O wise and upright judge! A Daniel is come to judgment!" And then he sharpened his long knife again, and looking eagerly on Antonio, he said, "Come, prepare!"

"Tarry a little, Jew," said Portia; "there is something else. This bond here gives you no drop of blood; the words expressly are, 'a pound of flesh.' If in the cutting off the pound of flesh you shed one drop of Christian blood, your lands and goods are by the law to be confiscated to the state of Venice."

Now as it was utterly impossible for Shylock to cut off the pound of flesh without shedding some of

Antonio's blood, this wise discovery of Portia's, that it was flesh and not blood that was named in the bond, saved the life of Antonio. Every one admired the wonderful sagacity of the young counsellor, who had so happily thought of this expedient, and plaudits resounded from every part of the senate house. Gratiano exclaimed, in the words which Shylock had used, "O wise and upright judge! mark, Jew, a Daniel has come to judgment!"

Shylock, finding himself defeated in his cruel intent, said with a disappointed look, that he would take the money; and Bassanio, rejoiced beyond measure at Antonio's unexpected deliverance, cried out, "Here is the money!" But Portia stopped him, saying, "Softly; there is no haste; the Jew shall have nothing but the penalty: therefore prepare, Shylock, to cut off the flesh; but mind you shed no blood: nor do not cut off more nor less than just a pound; be it more or less by one poor scruple, nay if the scale turn but by the weight of a single hair, you are condemned by the laws of Venice to die, and all your wealth is forfeited to the senate."

"Give me my money, and let me go," said Shylock. "I have it ready," said Bassanio: "here it is."

Shylock was going to take the money, when Portia again stopped him, saying, "Tarry, Jew; I have yet another hold upon you. By the laws of Venice, your wealth is forfeited to the state, for

having conspired against the life of one of its citizens, and your life lies at the mercy of the duke; therefore, down on your knees, and ask him to pardon you."

The duke then said to Shylock, "That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it; half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the state."

The generous Antonio then said that he would give up his share of Shylock's wealth, if Shylock would sign a deed to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband. For Antonio knew that the Jew had an only daughter who had lately married against his consent to a young Christian, named Lorenzo, a friend of Antonio's, which had so offended Shylock that he had disinherited her.

The Jew agreed to this: and being thus disappointed in his revenge, and despoiled of his riches, he said, "I am ill. Let me go home; send the deed after me, and I will sign over half my riches to my daughter." "Get thee gone, then," said the duke, "and sign it; and if you repent your cruelty and turn Christian, the state will forgive you the fine of the other half of your riches."

The duke now released Antonio, and dismissed the court. He then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young counsellor, and invited him home to dinner. Portia, who meant to return to

Belmont before her husband, replied, "I humbly thank your grace, but I must away directly." The duke said he was sorry he had not leisure to stay and dine with him; and turning to Antonio, he added, "Reward this gentleman; for in my mind you are much indebted to him."

The duke and his senators left the court; and then Bassanio said to Portia, "Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend Antonio have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of grievous penalties, and I beg you will accept of the three thousand ducats due unto the Jew." "And we shall stand indebted to you over and above," said Antonio, "in love and service evermore."

Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money; but as Bassanio still pressed her to accept some reward, she said, "Give me your gloves; I will wear them for your sake." When Bassanio took off his gloves, she espied the ring which she had given him upon his finger. Now it was the ring which the wily lady wanted to get from him, to make a merry jest when she saw her Bassanio again, that made her ask him for his gloves. So when she saw the ring, she said, "and for your love I will take this ring from you."

Bassanio was sadly distressed that the counsellor should ask him for the only thing he could not part with. He replied in great confusion, that he could not give him that ring, because it was his wife's gift,

and he had vowed never to part with it; but that he would give him the most valuable ring in Venice, and find it out by proclamation. On this Portia affected to be affronted, and left the court, saying, "You teach me, sir, how a beggar should be answered."

➤ "Dear Bassanio," said Antonio, "let him have the ring; let my love and the great service he has done for me be valued against your wife's displeasure." Bassanio, ashamed to appear so ungrateful, yielded, and sent Gratiano after Portia with the ring. Then the *clerk* Nerissa, who had also given Gratiano a ring, she begged his ring, and Gratiano (not choosing to be outdone in generosity by his lord) gave it to her. And there was laughing among these ladies to think, when they got home, how they would tax their husbands with giving away their rings, and swear that they had given them as a present to some woman.

Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness of having performed a good action. Her cheerful spirits enjoyed everything she saw: the moon never seemed to shine so bright before; and when that pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light which she saw from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed fancy, and she said to Nerissa, "That light we see is burning in my hall; how far that little candle throws its beams;

so shines a good deed in a naughty world!" Hearing the sound of music from her house, she said "Methinks that music sounds much sweeter than by day."

And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and dressing themselves in their own apparel, they awaited the arrival of their husbands, who soon followed them with Antonio. Bassanio presented his dear friend to the lady Portia, whose congratulations and welcomings were hardly over, when they perceived Nerissa and her husband quarrelling in a corner of the room. "A quarrel already?" said Portia. "What is the matter?" Gratiano replied, "Lady, it is about a paltry gilt ring that Nerissa gave me, with words upon it like the poetry on a cutler's knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*"

"What does the poetry or the value of the ring signify?" said Nerissa. "You swore to me when I gave it to you, that you would keep it till the hour of death; and now you say you gave it to the lawyer's clerk. I know you gave it to a woman."

"By this hand," replied Gratiano, "I gave it to a youth, a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy, no higher than yourself. He was clerk to the young counsellor that by his wise pleading saved Antonio's life. This prating boy begged it for a fee, and I could not for my life deny him." Portia said, "You were to blame, Gratiano, to part with your wife's first gift. I gave

my lord Bassanio a ring, and I am sure he would not part with it for all the world." Gratiano, in excuse for his fault, now said, "My lord Bassanio gave his ring away to the counsellor, and then the boy, his clerk, that took some pains in writing, begged my ring."

Portia, hearing this, seemed very angry, and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring. She said that Nerissa had taught her what to believe, and that she knew some woman had the ring. Bassanio was very unhappy to have so offended his dear lady, and he said with great earnestness, "No, by my honor, no woman had it, but a civil doctor, who refused three thousand ducats of me, and begged the ring, and when I denied him, he went away displeased. What could I do, sweet Portia? I was so beset with shame for my seeming ingratitude, that I was forced to send the ring after him. Pardon me, good lady; had you been there, I think you would have begged the ring of me to give the worthy doctor."

"Ah!" said Antonio, "I am the unhappy cause of these quarrels."

Portia bid Antonio not to grieve at that, for he was welcome notwithstanding; and Antonio said, "I once did lend my body for Bassanio's sake; and but for him to whom your husband gave the ring, I should have now been dead. I dare be bound again, my soul upon the forfeit, your lord

will never more break his faith with you." "Then you shall be his surety," said Portia; "give him this ring, and bid him keep it better than the other."

When Bassanio looked at this ring, he was strangely surprised to find it the same that he gave away. Then Portia told him how she was the young counsellor, and Nerissa was her clerk; and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and delight, that it was by the noble courage and wisdom of his wife that Antonio's life was saved.

And Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters which by some chance had fallen into her hands. These contained an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, but which had safely arrived in the harbor. So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued; and there was leisure to laugh at the comical adventure of the rings, and the husbands who did not know their own wives.

u'su rer , a money lender who demands more interest than is right.	es'tim a ble , worthy of regard.
a massed' , collected, heaped up.	ar'du ous , difficult.
duc'at , a coin either of gold or silver, common to several countries of Europe. The gold ducat is worth about two dollars.	tem'po ral , belonging to this world.
u'sance , interest money.	res ig na'tion , quiet submission.
gab er dine' , a coarse, loose upper garment.	con'fis ca ted , seized for public use.
doit , a trifle; any small piece of money.	sa gac'i ty , keen wisdom.
no'ta ry , a public officer.	ex pe'di ent , means to accomplish a purpose.
	scru'ple , a weight of the twenty-fourth part of an ounce.
	af front'ed , offended.
	scrub'bed , dwarfed.

THE RISING IN 1776

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

OUT of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkeley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!

Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom ;
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
 A bud whose depths are all perfume ;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came ; his snowy locks
 Hallowed his brow of thought and care ;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
 He led into the house of prayer.
Then soon he rose ; the prayer was strong ;
The psalm was warrior David's song ;
The text, a few short words of might, —
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured ;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
 And grasping in his nervous hand
 The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher ;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir ;

When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo ! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause, —
When Berkeley cried, "Cease, traitor ! cease !
God's temple is the house of peace !"

The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause ;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers,
That frown upon the tyrant foe ;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray !"

And now before the open door —

The warrior priest had ordered so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er

Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life ;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,

The great bell swung as ne'er before :
It seemed as it would never cease ;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "WAR ! WAR ! WAR !"

"Who dares" — this was the patriot's cry,
 As striding from the desk he came —
 "Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
 For her to live, for her to die?"
 A hundred hands flung up reply,
 A hundred voices answered, "I!"

bo're al light, the light of the aurora	Forgot her `old baptismal name.
borealis, seen in the north on	What does Concord mean?
winter nights; <i>bo're al</i> , northern.	<i>re ver'ber ate</i> , to reëcho.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ (1822-1872) was a portrait-painter by profession, but published several volumes of poems, among which are many of decided merit.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

HENRY WARD BEECHER

THIS nation has a banner, and wherever it has streamed abroad, men have seen daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men have rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving

together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and beams of many colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no rampant lion and no fierce eagle; they see the symbols of light. It is the Banner of Dawn; it means *Liberty*.

Consider the men who devised and set forth this banner; they were men that had taken their lives in their hands, and consecrated all their worldly possessions—for what? For the doctrine, and for the personal fact, of liberty,—for the right of all men to liberty.

If any one, then, asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him,—it means just what Concord and Lexington meant; what Bunker Hill meant; which was, in short, the rising up of a valiant young people against an old tyranny to establish the most momentous doctrine that the world had ever known, or has since known,—the right of men to their own selves and to their liberties.

The history of this banner is all on the side of liberty. Under it, rode Washington and his armies; before it, Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away, by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over the soldiers' heads at Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of this nation. And when the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington, while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

How glorious, then, has been its origin! How glorious has been its history! How divine its meaning! In all the world is there another banner that carries such hope, such grandeur of spirit, such soul-inspiring truth, as our dear old American flag? Made by liberty, made for liberty, nourished in its spirit, carried in its service, and never, not once in all the earth, made to stoop to despotism!

Accept it, then, in its fulness of meaning. It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the government. It is the free people that stand *in* the government, *on* the Constitution. Forget not what it means; and for the sake of its meaning, be true to your country's flag.

Let us, then, twine each thread of the glorious tissues of our country's flag about our heartstrings; and, looking upon our homes and catching the spirit

that breathes upon us from the battle-fields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the stars and stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas, and amid the solitude of every sea; and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves.

ef ful'gent, shining brightly; splendid.
ram'pant, raging.
mo men'tous, of great importance.
em bla'zon ry, decorations, as figures on shields, standards, etc.

Bur goyne', an English general who surrendered to the American army at Saratoga, October 17, 1777.
Mon te zu'mas, emperors of Mexico.
be nef'i cent, kindly, charitable.

HENRY WARD BEECHER (1813-1887) was a noted American clergyman, author, and orator.

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

JOHN B. GOUGH

WHAT is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in the minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle.

It is the minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. You will find that each generation has been always busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history.

Minority! if a man stand up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government; if he stand for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire, — let him remember that wherever the right and truth are, there are always "troops of beautiful, tall angels" gathering round him, and God himself stands within the dim future, and keeps watch over his own.

If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lips be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all they that are against him!

vin'di cat ed, defended, justified. | **ob'lo quy**, reproach; blame.

JOHN B. GOUGH (1817-1886) was born in England. He came to America in 1829. After years of intemperance, he became greatly interested in temperance reform. He was the most popular lecturer of his time.



BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho ! sing heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
Then, heigh-ho ! the holly !
This life is most jolly !

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho ! sing heigh-ho ! *[Repeat refrain as above.]*

CRANFORD PEOPLE

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL

IN the first place, Cranford is in possession of the Amazons; all the holders of houses above a certain rent are women. If a married couple come to settle in the town, somehow the gentleman disappears; he is either fairly frightened to death by being the only man in the Cranford evening parties, or he is accounted for by being with his regiment or his ship, or closely engaged in business all the week in the great neighboring commercial town of Drumble. In short, whatever does become of the gentlemen, they are not at Cranford.

What could they do if they were there? The surgeon has his round of thirty miles, and sleeps at Cranford; but every man cannot be a surgeon. For keeping the trim gardens full of choice flowers; for rushing out at geese that occasionally venture into the gardens if the gates are left open; for deciding all questions of literature and politics without troubling themselves with unnecessary reasons or arguments; for obtaining clear and correct knowledge of everybody's affairs in the parish; for keeping their neat maidservants in admirable order; for kindness (somewhat dictatorial) to the poor, and tender good offices to each other whenever they are in distress — the ladies of Cranford are quite sufficient.



A CRANFORD TEA PARTY

"A man," as one of them observed to me once, "is so in the way in the house!" Although the ladies of Cranford know all each other's proceedings, they are exceedingly indifferent to each other's opinions. Indeed, as each has her own individuality, not to say eccentricity, pretty strongly developed, nothing is so easy as verbal retaliation; but, somehow, good-will reigns among them to a considerable degree.

The Cranford ladies have only an occasional little quarrel, spirted out in a few peppery words and angry jerks of the heads; just enough to prevent the even tenor of their lives from becoming too flat. Their dress is very independent of fashion; as they observe, "What does it signify how we dress here at Cranford, where everybody knows us?"

And if they go from home, their reason is equally cogent, "What does it signify how we dress here, where nobody knows us?" The materials of their clothes are, in general, good and plain; but I will answer for it, the last gigot, the last tight and scanty petticoat in wear in England, was seen in Cranford—and seen without a smile.

I can testify to a magnificent family red silk umbrella, under which a gentle little spinster, left alone of many brothers and sisters, used to patter to church on rainy days. Have you any red silk umbrellas in London? We had a tradition of the first that had ever been seen in Cranford; and the little boys mobbed it, and called it "a stick in petticoats." It

might have been the very red silk one I have described, held by a strong father over a troop of little ones; the poor little lady — the survivor of all — could scarcely carry it.

Then there were rules and regulations for visiting and calls; and they were announced to any young people who might be staying in the town, with all the solemnity with which the old Manx laws were read once a year on the Tinwald Mount.

“Our friends have sent to inquire how you are after your journey to-night, my dear” (fifteen miles in a gentleman’s carriage). “They will give you some rest to-morrow, but the next day, I have no doubt, they will call; so be at liberty after twelve — from twelve to three are our calling hours.”

Then after they had called, —

“It is the third day. I daresay your mamma has told you, my dear, never to let more than three days elapse between receiving a call and returning it; and also, that you are never to stay longer than a quarter of an hour.”

“But am I to look at my watch? How am I to find out when a quarter of an hour has passed?”

“You must keep thinking about the time, my dear, and not allow yourself to forget it in conversation.”

As everybody had this rule in mind, whether they received or paid a call, of course no absorbing subject was ever spoken about. We kept ourselves to

short sentences of small talk, and were punctual to our time.

I imagine that a few of the gentlefolks of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet; but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face. We none of us spoke of money, because that subject savored of commerce and trade, and though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic. The Cranfordians had that kindly fellow-feeling which made them overlook all deficiencies in success when some among them tried to conceal their poverty.

When Mrs. Forrester, for instance, gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world. It was as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall, second table, with housekeeper and steward, instead of one little maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray upstairs if she had not been assisted in private by her mistress, who now sat in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea-bread and sponge-cakes.

There were one or two consequences arising

from this general but unacknowledged poverty, and this very much acknowledged gentility, which were not amiss, and which might be introduced into many circles of society to their great improvement. For instance, the inhabitants of Cranford kept early hours, and clattered home, under the guidance of a lantern, about nine o'clock at night; and the whole town was abed and asleep by half-past ten.

Moreover, it was considered "vulgar" (a tremendous word in Cranford) to give anything expensive, in the way of eatables or drinkables, at the evening entertainments. Wafer bread-and-butter and sponge biscuits were all that the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson gave; and she was sister-in-law to the late Earl of Glenmire, although she did practise such elegant "economy."

I never shall forget the dismay felt when a certain Captain Brown came to live at Cranford, and openly spoke about his being poor—not in a whisper to an intimate friend, the doors and windows being previously closed, but in the public street! in a loud military voice! alleging his poverty as a reason for not taking a particular house.

The ladies of Cranford were already moaning over the invasion of their territories by a gentleman. He was a half-pay captain, and had obtained some situation on a neighboring railroad, which had been vehemently petitioned against by the little town; and if, in addition to his masculine gender, and his

connection with the obnoxious railroad, he was so brazen as to talk of being poor,—why, then, indeed, he must be sent to Coventry.

“Poverty” was a word not to be mentioned to ears polite. We had tacitly agreed to ignore that any with whom we associated on terms of visiting equality could ever be prevented by poverty from doing anything that they wished. If we walked to or from a party, it was because the night was *so* fine, or the air *so* refreshing, not because sedan-chairs were expensive. If we wore prints instead of summer silks, it was because we preferred a washing material; and so on, till we blinded ourselves to the vulgar fact that we were, all of us, people of very moderate means. Of course, then, we did not know what to make of a man who could speak of poverty as if it was not a disgrace.

Yet, somehow, Captain Brown made himself respected in Cranford, and was called upon, in spite of all resolutions to the contrary. I was surprised to hear his opinions quoted as authority at a visit which I paid to Cranford about a year after he had settled in the town. My own friends had been among the bitterest opponents of any proposal to visit the captain and his daughters; and now he was even admitted in the tabooed hours before twelve. True, it was to discover the cause of a smoking chimney, before the fire was lighted; but still Captain Brown walked upstairs, nothing daunted,

spoke in a voice too large for the room, and joked quite in the way of a tame man about the house.

He had been blind to all the small slights, and omissions of trivial ceremonies, with which he had been received. He had been friendly, though the Cranford ladies had been cool; and with manly frankness had overpowered all the shrinking which met him as a man who was not ashamed to be poor. And at last his excellent masculine common sense had gained him an extraordinary place as authority among the Cranford ladies. He himself went on in his course, as unaware of his popularity as he had been of the reverse; and I am sure he was startled one day when he found his advice so highly esteemed as to cause some counsel which he had given in jest to be taken in sober, serious earnest.

It was on this subject: An old lady had an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter. You could not pay the short quarter-of-an-hour call without being told of the wonderful milk or wonderful intelligence of this animal. The whole town knew and kindly regarded Miss Betty Barker's Alderney; therefore great was the sympathy and regret when, in an unguarded moment, the poor cow tumbled into a lime pit. She moaned so loudly that she was soon heard and rescued; but the poor beast had lost most of her hair, and came out looking naked, cold, and miserable, in a bare skin.

Everybody pitied the animal, though a few could not restrain their smiles at her droll appearance. Miss Betty Barker absolutely cried with sorrow and dismay; and it was said she thought of trying a bath of oil. This remedy, perhaps, was recommended by some one of the number whose advice she asked; but the proposal, if ever it was made, was knocked on the head by Captain Brown's decided "Get her a flannel waistcoat, ma'am, if you wish to keep her alive. But my advice is, kill the poor creature at once."

Miss Betty Barker dried her eyes, and thanked the captain heartily. She set to work, and by-and-by all the town turned out to see the Alderney meekly going to her pasture, clad in dark gray flannel. I have watched her myself many a time.

Am'a zons, in Greek legend a race of warlike women who were supposed to have dwelt on the coast of the Black Sea. They were represented as forming a state from which men were excluded.

dic ta to'ri al, overbearing.

ec cen tric'i ty, oddity.

re tal i a'tion, a paying back in kind.

co'gent, compelling assent; not easily denied.

gig'ot, the leg o' mutton sleeve.

Manx, relating to the Isle of Man, in the Irish Sea. The Manx people have many quaint customs.

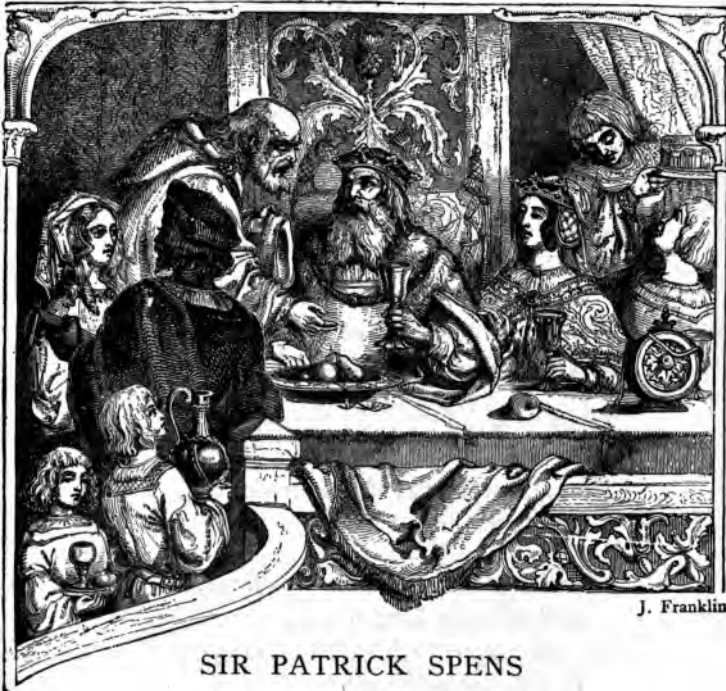
Tin'wald Mount, in the Isle of Man, between Peel and Castletown.

Spar'tans, an ancient people of Greece whose boasted national virtue was indifference to suffering.

sent to Cov'en try, to send a man to Coventry is to take no notice of him whatever.

ta bood', forbidden.

MRS. ELIZABETH C. GASKELL (1810-1865) was an English novelist. She was greatly interested in the mill operatives in Manchester, England, and rendered notable service in relieving their poverty. "Cranford" is her most successful book.



SIR PATRICK SPENS

Margaret, daughter of King Alexander III of Scotland, was married in 1281 to Eric, King of Norway. She was escorted to her husband in August of that year by a goodly number of knights and nobles. Many of these were drowned on the voyage homeward, as Sir Patrick Spens is in the ballad.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
 Drinking the blood-red wine;
 "O where will I get a skeely¹ skipper,
 To sail this new ship of mine?"

O up and spake an eldern² knight,
 Sat at the king's right knee:

¹ *skeely*, skilful.

² *eldern*, old.

"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has writt'n a broad letter,¹
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the foam;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou must bring her home!"

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
So loud, loud laughed he;
The next word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.²

"O who is this has done this deed,
And told the king o' me,
To send us out at this time of the year
To sail upon the sea?"

"Be it wind, be it weat,³ be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the foam;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her home."

They hoysed⁴ their sails on Monenday morn
With all the speed they may;
They have landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

¹ *broad letter*, letter of commission.

² *e'e*, eye.

³ *weat*, wet.

⁴ *hoysed*, hoisted.

They had not been a week, a week,
 In Noroway, but twae,¹
 When that the lords of Noroway
 Began aloud to say,

"Ye Scottishmen spend all our king's goud,²
 And all our queenis³ fee."⁴
 "Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
 Full loud I hear ye lie!

"For I brought as much white monie⁵
 As gane⁶ my men and me, —
 And I brought a half-fou⁷ o' good red goud
 Out o'er the sea with me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry men all!
 Our good ship sails the morn."
 "Now, ever alack! my master dear,
 I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,⁸
 With the old moon in 'her arm;
 And if we go to sea, master,
 I fear we'll come to harm."

They had not sailed a league, a league,
 A league, but barely three,
 When the lift⁹ grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
 And gurly¹⁰ grew the sea.

¹ *twae*, two.

² *goud*, gold.

³ *queenis*, queen's.

⁴ *fee*, property.

⁵ *white monie*, silver money.

⁶ *gane*, suffice.

⁷ *half-fou*, half-bushel.

⁸ *yestreen*, last evening.

⁹ *lift*, air.

¹⁰ *gurly*, stormy.

The anchors broke, and the topmasts lap,¹
 It was such a deadly storm,
 And the waves came o'er the broken ship,
 Till all her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a good sailor,
 To take my helm in hand,
 Till I get up to the tall topmast,
 To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor good,
 To take the helm in hand,
 Till you go up to the tall topmast,
 But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He had not gone a step, a step,
 A step, but barely ane,²
 When a bolt flew out of our goodly ship,
 And the salt sea it came in.

"Go fetch a web o' the silken cloth,
 Another o' the twine,
 And wap them into our ship's side,
 And let not the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken cloth
 Another o' the twine,
 And they wapped them round that good ship's side,
 But still the sea came in.

O loth, loth were our good Scots lords
 To wet their cork-heeled shoon;

¹ *lap, sprang.*

² *ane, one.*



But long ere all the play was played,
They wet their hats aboon.¹

And many was the feather-bed
That flattened on the foam ;
And many was the good lord's son
That never more came home.

The ladies wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair ;
All for the sake of their true loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.²

O long, long may the ladies sit,
With their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand.

O long, long may the maidens sit,
With their goud kames³ in their hair,
All waiting for their own dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies good Sir Patrick Spens
With the Scots lords at his feet.

¹ *aboon*, above.

² *nae mair*, no more.

³ *kames*, combs.

Tact is the life of the five senses. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch. Talent is power, tact is skill ; talent is weight, tact is momentum ; talent knows what to do, tact how to do it.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

THE name of James Russell Lowell, the poet, was first known to me at the age of nine years, when I began to go to the same school with him. He was four years older than I, but I often heard about him from an elder brother of mine who was in his class. My brother was the "big boy" of the school, and held among the pupils the honorary title of "Daddy." He was my champion at times when the older and rougher boys ventured to treat me badly. I think he occasionally protected Lowell also, who was small and slight.

Lowell was not then a handsome boy, but he had a fine forehead and very fine eyes. He and I, with my brother and William Story, afterwards famous as a sculptor, had the good fortune to be the only day scholars in the school. The boys who boarded there had a much less pleasant time. Mr. Wells, the principal of the school, was an Englishman and a firm believer in the effects of a birch rod, which descended freely on his scholars when they did not behave to his liking. There was much grumbling among the boys as to the food, which they thought scanty and poor; but I well remember the joy it was to me to be occasionally asked to stay to dinner, and to have the unusual and exciting sensation

of having pudding before meat, an old English habit which was practised at the school.

Lowell was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1819. He was the youngest of seven children, and was the favorite of his father, who was a minister. He used often to go with his father when he drove into the country to exchange Sunday services with some other preacher. Sometimes these drives were eight or nine hours long. In this way, even as a child, Lowell became familiar with farmers and people living in the country, such persons as he, in after years, put into his "Biglow Papers," one of his best-known books.

At fifteen Lowell entered Harvard College, where he became very popular; for he was socially brilliant then, as he was all through his life, and made friends easily. He wrote in rhyme the records of a club called the "Hasty Pudding Club," but in later years he caused these pages to be cut out from the record book, to the great disappointment of the younger members of the club.

Lowell was not a hard worker in college, though he wrote a friend in his senior year, "I am as busy as a bee—almost. I study and read and write all the time." He seems to have spent a good deal of his time during the four years of his course simply in fun; and finally, after some particularly mischievous prank, the faculty suspended him—that is, sent him away from college for a few months.

This suspension was a hard blow, for Lowell had been chosen poet of his class, and as he could not come back until after Class Day, he could not read his poem in public on that day. Afterwards the poem was published anonymously, and now it is very much valued; booksellers pay high prices for copies of it because they are so rare.

In 1837 Lowell wrote to a friend, "I thought — was studying law. I intend to study that myself, and shall probably be Chief Justice of the United States." But after his graduation he hesitated some time before he could decide what he wanted to do, often thinking that he would rather go into business than law. Finally, however, he entered the Harvard Law School, taking his degree in 1840.

Still, he was much more fond of literature than of law, and I remember that my elder brother came home one night and announced, "Jimmie Lowell thinks he is going to be a poet!" This news was very exciting to my boyish mind, and I waited eagerly to see what kind of poetry his would be.

After Lowell left the Law School his father suddenly lost almost all his property, and as the young man was already engaged to be married, he began to write verses and send them to various magazines to get money. Some of his writings were signed with the name, "Hugh Percival." Many of the poems were rather youthful in style and tone, but they showed great promise for his future work.

At the end of the year 1840 Lowell's first book of poems was published, under the title "A Year's Life," and three years later a second one appeared. Soon after the publication of the second book he was married, and began what is best known among his works, the collection of verses in the New England country dialect, called the "Biglow Papers." Later, during the time before the Civil War, he made Hosea Biglow, the Yankee countryman in the "Biglow Papers," utter all the feelings of the people of the North. When the war was over, he wrote the now famous "Commemoration Ode" and read it on commencement day at Harvard. This poem is in many respects the best he ever wrote.

Lowell often wrote gay verses as well as grave ones. He composed a nursery ballad, which was very popular with children in its day. The first two lines are familiar to every child, but Lowell wanted to add to them. This is what he wrote:—

"Lady bird, lady bird, fly away home !
Your house is on fire, your children will burn !
Send for the engines, and send for the men,
Perhaps we can put it out again ;
Send for the ladders, and send for the hose,
Perhaps we can put it out, nobody knows ;
Sure, nobody's case was ever sadder,
To the nursery window clap the ladder,
If they are there, and not done brown,
They'll open the window and hopple down !

"Splish, splash ! fizz and squirt !
All my things ruined with water and dirt,
All my new carpets torn to flinders,
Trodden in with mud and cinders !
My mirrors smashed, my bedsteads racked,
My company tea-set chipped and cracked !
Save my child, my carpets and chairs,
And I'll give you leave to burn my heirs ;
They are little six-legged, spotted things,
If they have any sense, they'll use their wings ;
If they have any sense, they'll use their legs ;
Or, at worst, it is easy to lay more eggs."

In 1855 Lowell succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages at Harvard. This position he held for twenty years. During the first years of this time he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and made it into a successful and brilliant periodical.

Lowell had, before this time, been abroad several times, and at length he received a proposition from the President that he should go as United States Minister to Vienna or Berlin. He declined this offer, but hinted that he would be willing to go to Spain. He was accordingly sent to Madrid, where he remained three years. He found society there very gay. In one of his letters he has given an amusing account of all the ceremony that attended his introduction to the Spanish king. He says:—

"The second introducer of ambassadors (the first was at the seashore) came to make arrangements

for my official reception. The introducer was in a great stew, and made us at least six visits to repeat the same thing in the course of the forenoon. At ten minutes before two a couple of royal coaches arrived, the first for —— and the second (more gorgeous) for me. Mounted guards, with three-cornered hats and jack-boots, rode on each side in files. The introducer, blazing with gold and orders, sat on my right, and we started at a foot pace for the palace, about a hundred yards away.

“The troops and bands saluted as we passed, and, alighting, we were escorted through long suites of rooms to the royal presence. There I found the king, with many of the court dignitaries in a long semicircle, his Majesty in the middle. I made one bow at the door, a second midway, and a third on facing the king. I made my speech in English, he answered me in Spanish, then came forward and exchanged a few compliments with me in French, and all was over.”

In 1880 Lowell was transferred to London, where he became immensely popular. Queen Victoria said, when he went away, that no ambassador “had ever excited more interest, or won more general regard in England.” His ready wit and brilliancy won all hearts, but he himself could never understand why he was such a favorite there.

As Lowell's second wife and three of his children had died, when he returned from London, he was

unwilling to make his home again at Elmwood, the old house where he was born; and it was not until the last years of his life that he lived there again. He spent his time between Boston and Europe, still continuing to write, and just before his death at Elmwood, August 12, 1891, he had put into final shape a complete edition of his works.

The following extract from one of Lowell's letters to his nephew is good for every boy to read:—

“Let me counsel you to make use of all your visits to the country as opportunities for an education which is of great importance, in which town-bred boys are commonly lacking, and which can never be so cheaply acquired as in boyhood. . . . Now when you are at school you are furnishing your brain with what can be obtained from books. While you are in the country, you should remember that you are in the great school of the senses. Train your eyes and ears. Learn to know all the trees by their bark and leaves, by their general shape and manner of growth. Learn also to know all the birds by sight, by their notes, by their manner of flying; all the animals by their general appearance and gait or the localities they frequent. You would be ashamed not to know the name and use of every piece of furniture in the house; and we ought to be as familiar with every object in the world, which is only a larger kind of house.”

di'a lect, a form of speech peculiar to one's region.

PRELUDE TO THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

OVER his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay :
Then as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie ;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies ;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies :
With our faint hearts the mountain strives ;
Its arms outstretched, the Druid wood
Waits with its benedicite ;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us ;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in ;
At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold ;

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:

'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbd away

PRELUDE TO THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL 175

Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it ;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green ;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and blossoms swell ;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing ;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
 That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack ;
 We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing !

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;
Everything is happy now,
 Everything is upward striving ;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for the grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
 'Tis the natural way of living :
Who knows whither the clouds have fled ?
 In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake ;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache ;
The soul partakes of the season's youth,

And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
 Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
 Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

list, please; desire.

au ro'ral, pertaining to dawn.

we Si'nais climb, see Exodus xix. 20.

ben e dic'i te, benediction.

Dru'ids, ancient British priests, who worshipped in oak groves. The oak tree

stood for the supreme God, and the mistletoe for man's dependence.

Druid wood, the forest, with all the meaning that the Druids saw in it.

shrive, to hear confession from.

cap and bells, the mark of the fool or jester in the courts of the kings in the Middle Ages.

chal'ice, a cup; especially the cup of a flower.

cour'ier, a forerunner and bearer of tidings.

sul'phurous rifts, violent outbursts.

THE BIRCH TREE

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

RIPPLING through thy branches goes the sunshine,
 Among thy leaves that palpitate forever;
 Ovid in thee a pining Nymph had prisoned,
 The soul once of some tremulous inland river,
 Quivering to tell her woe, but, ah! dumb, dumb forever!

While all the forest, witched with slumberous moonshine,
 Holds up its leaves in happy, happy stillness,
 Waiting the dew, with breath and pulse suspended,
 I hear afar thy whispering, gleamy islands,
 And track thee wakeful still amid the wide-hung silence.

On the brink of some wood-nestled lakelet,
 Thy foliage, like the tresses of a Dryad,
 Dripping round thy slim white stem, whose shadow
 Slopes quivering down the water's dusky quiet,
 Thou shrink'st as on her bath's edge would some startled
Naiad.



"THE PALPITATING BIRCHES"

White Birch
L. 100 ft. H. 10 in. D.

White Birch
L. 100 ft. H. 10 in. D.

Thou art the go-between of rustic lovers ;
 Thy white bark has their secrets in its keeping ;
 Reuben writes here the happy name of Patience,
 And thy lithe boughs hang murmuring and weeping
 Above her, as she steals the mystery from thy keeping.

Thou art to me like my beloved maiden,
 So frankly coy, so full of trembly confidences ;
 Thy shadow scarce seems shade, thy pattering leaflets
 Sprinkle their gathered sunshine o'er my senses,
 And Nature gives me all her summer confidences.

Whether my heart with hope or sorrow tremble,
 Thou sympathizest still ; wild and unquiet,
 I fling me down ; thy ripple, like a river,
 Flows valleyward, where calmness is, and by it
 My heart is floated down into the land of quiet.

Ov'id, a Roman poet. Lowell thinks
 that Ovid would have made some
 such pretty story as this about the
 tree.

Dry'ad, a wood nymph, whose life was
 bound up with that of her tree.
Na'iad, a water nymph.

THE MIND

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

FOR 'tis the mind that makes the body rich :
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
 So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
 What ! is the jay more precious than the lark,
 Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

peer'eth, appears ; may be seen, although poorly clothed.

THE SHIPWRECK

CHARLES READE

This selection is from "The Cloister and the Hearth," one of the great historical novels. The event described is supposed to have taken place soon after the middle of the fifteenth century.

THE natives of a little maritime place between Naples and Rome were flocking to the beach, with eyes cast seaward at a ship that labored against a stiff gale blowing dead on the shore. At times she seemed likely to weather the danger, and then the spectators congratulated her aloud; at others the wind and sea drove her visibly nearer, and the lookers-on were not without a secret satisfaction they would not have owned even to themselves.

The poor ship, though not scientifically built for sailing, was admirably constructed for going ashore, with her extravagant poop that caught the wind, and her lines like a cocked hat reversed. To those on the beach, that battered, laboring frame of wood seemed alive and struggling against death with a panting heart. But could they have been transferred to her deck, they would have seen she had not one beating heart, but many, and not one nature, but a score, were coming out clear in that fearful hour.

The mariners stumbled wildly about the deck, handling the ropes as each thought fit, and cursing

and praying alternately. The passengers were huddled together round the mast, some sitting, some kneeling, some lying prostrate and grasping the bulwarks as the vessel rolled and pitched in the mighty waves. One comely young man whose ashy cheek, but compressed lips, showed how hard terror was battling in him with self-respect, stood a little apart, holding tight by a shroud, and wincing at each sea. It was the ill-fated Gerard. Meantime prayers and vows rose from the trembling throng amidships, and, to hear them, it seemed there were almost as many gods about as men and women.

Suddenly, a more powerful gust than usual catching the sail at a disadvantage, the rotten shrouds gave way, and the sail was torn out with a loud crack and went down the wind smaller and smaller, blacker and blacker, and fluttered into the sea half a mile off like a sheet of paper; and, ere the helmsman could put the ship's head before the wind, a wave caught her on the quarter and drenched the poor wretches to the bone, and gave them a foretaste of chill death.

Two petty Neapolitan traders stood shivering. One shouted at the top of his voice, "I vow to St. Christopher at Paris a waxen image of his own weight, if I win safe to land." Others lay flat, and prayed to the sea. "O most merciful sea! O sea most glorious! O bountiful sea! O beautiful sea, be gentle, be kind, preserve us in this hour of

peril." And others wailed and moaned in mere animal terror each time the ill-fated ship rolled or pitched more terribly than usual; and she was now a mere plaything in the arms of the tremendous waves.

A Roman woman of the humbler class sat with her child at her breast, silent amid that wailing throng, her cheek ashy pale, her eye calm; and her lips moved at times in silent prayer, but she never wept nor lamented nor bargained with the gods. Whenever the ship seemed really gone under their feet, and bearded men squeaked, she kissed her child, but that was all. And so she sat patient, and suckled him in death's jaws; for why should he lose any joy she could give him? Ay, there I do believe sat Antiquity among those mediævals. Sixteen hundred years had not tainted the old Roman blood in her veins; and the instinct of a race she had perhaps scarce heard of taught her to die with decent dignity.

A gigantic friar stood on the poop with feet apart like the Colossus of Rhodes, not so much defying as ignoring the peril that surrounded him. He recited verses from the canticles with a loud, unwavering voice, and invited the passengers to confess to him. Some did so on their knees, and he heard them, and laid his hands on them and absolved them, as if he had been in a snug sacristy instead of a perishing ship.

Gerard got nearer and nearer to him, by the

instinct that takes the wavering to the side of the impregnable. And, in truth, the courage of heroes facing fleshly odds might have paled by the side of that gigantic friar, and his still more gigantic composure. Thus, even here, two were found who maintained the dignity of our race: a woman, tender, yet heroic, and a monk steeled by religion against mortal fears.

And now, the sail being gone, the sailors cut down the useless mast a foot above the board, and it fell with its remaining hamper over the ship's side. This seemed to relieve her a little. But now the hull, no longer impelled by canvas, could not keep ahead of the sea. It struck her again and again, and the tremendous blows seemed given by a rocky mountain, not by a liquid.

The captain left the helm and came amidships, pale as death. "Lighten her," he cried. "Fling all overboard, or we shall founder ere we strike, and lose the one little chance we have of life." While the sailors were executing this order, the captain, pale himself, and surrounded by pale faces that demanded to know their fate, was talking as unlike an English skipper in like peril as can well be imagined.

"Friends," said he, "last night, when all was fair, — too fair, alas! — there came a globe of fire close to the ship. When a pair of them come, it is good luck, and naught can drown her that voyage. We

mariners call these fiery globes Castor and Pollux. But if Castor come without Pollux, or Pollux without Castor, she is doomed. Therefore, like good Christians, prepare to die."

These words were received with a loud wail.

To a trembling inquiry how long they had to prepare, the captain replied: "She may, or may not, last half an hour; over that, impossible. She leaks like a sieve; bustle, men, lighten her."

The poor passengers seized on everything that was on deck, and flung it overboard. Presently they laid hold of a heavy sack; an old man was lying on it, seasick. They pulled it from under him. It rattled. Two of them drew it to the side of the ship; up started the owner, and, with an unearthly shriek, pounced on it.

"Holy Moses! what would you do? 'Tis my all; 'tis the whole fruits of my journey: silver candlesticks, silver plates, brooches —"

"Let go, thou hoary villain," cried the others; "shall all our lives be lost for thy ill-gotten gear?"

"Fling him in with it," cried one.

Numbers soon wrenched it from him, and heaved it over the side. It splashed into the waves. Then its owner uttered one cry of anguish, and stood glaring, his white hair streaming in the wind; he was going to leap after it, and would, had it floated. But it sank, and was gone forever; and he staggered to and fro, tore his hair, and cursed them and the

ship and the sea, and all the powers of heaven and hell alike.

And now the captain cried out: "See, there is a church in sight. Steer for that church, mate, and you, friends, pray to the saint, whoe'er he be." So they steered for the church, and prayed to the unknown saint it was named after. A tremendous sea broke the rudder, and flooded the deck.

Then, wild with superstitious terror, some of them came round Gerard. "Here is the cause of all," they cried. "He has never invoked a single saint. He is a heathen; here is a pagan aboard."

"Alas, good friends, say not so," said Gerard, his teeth chattering with cold and fear. "Rather call these heathen, that lie praying to the sea. Friends, I do honor the saints, but I dare not pray to them now; there is no time— Oh! oh! oh! I must need go straight to Him that made the sea, and the saints, and me."

At this moment the sailors were seen preparing to desert the sinking ship in the little boat, which even at that epoch every ship carried; then there was a rush of egotists, and thirty souls crowded into it. There remained behind three who were bewildered, and two who were paralyzed with terror. The paralyzed sat like heaps of wet rags, the bewildered ones ran to and fro, and saw the thirty put off, but made no attempt to join them; only kept running to and fro, and wringing their hands.

Besides these there was one on his knees praying over the wooden statue of the Virgin Mary, as large as life, which the sailors had reverently detached from the mast. It washed about the deck as the water came slushing in from the sea, and pouring out at the scuppers; and this poor soul kept following it on his knees, with his hands clasped at it, and the water playing with it.

And the gigantic Dominican, having shriven the whole ship, stood calmly communing with his own spirit. The Roman woman sat pale and patient, only drawing her child closer to her bosom as death came nearer.

Gerard saw this, and it awakened his manhood. "See! see!" he said; "they have taken the boat and left the poor woman and her child to perish."

His heart soon set his wit working.

"Wife, I'll save thee yet, please God." And he ran to find a cask or a plank to float her. There was none.

Then his eye fell on the wooden image of the Virgin. He caught it up in his arms, and heedless of a wail that issued from its worshipper, like a child robbed of its toy, ran aft with it. "Come, wife," he cried; "I'll lash thee and the child to this. 'Tis sore worm-eaten, but 'twill serve."

She turned her great dark eye on him, and said a single word, "Thyself?" but with wonderful magnanimity and tenderness.

"I am a man, and have no child to take care of."

"Ah!" said she, and his words seemed to animate her face with a desire to live. He lashed the image to her side. Then with the hope of life she lost something of her heroic calm. Her body trembled a little, but not her eye.

The ship was now so low in the water, that by using an oar as a lever he could slide her into the waves.

"Come," said he, "while yet there is time."

She turned her great Roman eyes, wet now, upon him. "Poor youth! God forgive me! My child!" and he launched her on the surge, and with his oar kept her from being battered against the ship.

A heavy hand fell on him; a deep sonorous voice sounded in his ear: "'Tis well. Now come with me."

It was the gigantic friar.

Gerard turned, and the friar took two strides, and laid hold of the broken mast. Gerard did the same, obeying him instinctively. Between them, after a prodigious effort, they hoisted up the remainder of the mast, and carried it off. "Fling it in," said the friar, "and follow it." They flung it in; but one of the bewildered passengers had run after them and jumped first and got on one end. Gerard seized the other, the friar the middle. It was a terrible situation. The mast rose and plunged with each wave, and the spray flogged their faces mercilessly, and blinded them, to help knock them off.

Presently was heard a long, grating noise ahead. The ship had struck; and soon after, she being stationary now, they were hurled against her with tremendous force. Their companion's head struck against the upper part of the broken rudder with a horrible crack, and was smashed like a cocoanut by a sledge-hammer. The friar uttered a short Latin prayer for the safety of his soul, and took his place composedly.

They rolled along: one moment they saw nothing, and seemed down in a mere basin of water hills; the next they caught glimpses of the shore speckled bright with people, who kept throwing up their arms with wild Italian gestures to encourage them, and the black boat driving bottom upward, and between it and them the woman rising and falling like themselves. She had come across a paddle, and was holding her child tight with her left arm, and paddling gallantly with her right.

When they had tumbled along thus a long time, suddenly the friar said quietly, "I touched the ground."

"Impossible, father," said Gerard; "we are more than a hundred yards from shore. Prithee, prithee, leave not our faithful mast."

"My son," said the friar, "you speak prudently. But know that I have business of Holy Church on hand, and may not waste time floating when I can walk in her service. There, I felt it with my toes

again; see the benefit of wearing sandals and not shoes. Again; and sandy. Thy stature is less than mine; keep to the mast! I walk."

He left the mast accordingly, and extending his powerful arms, rushed through the water. Gerard soon followed him. At each overpowering wave the monk stood like a tower, and closing his mouth, threw his head back to encounter it, and was entirely lost under it awhile; then emerged and ploughed lustily on. At last they came close to the shore, but the suction outward baffled all their attempts to land. Then the natives sent stout fishermen into the sea, holding by long spears in a triple chain; and so dragged them ashore.

The friar shook himself, bestowed a short paternal benediction on the natives, and went on to Rome, with eyes bent on earth, according to his rule, and without pausing. He did not even cast a glance back upon that sea which had so nearly engulfed him, but had no power to harm him without his Master's leave.

While the friar stalked on to Rome without looking back, Gerard grasped every hand upon the beach. They brought him to an enormous fire, and with a delicacy he would hardly have encountered in the north, left him to dry himself alone; on this he took out of his bosom a parchment and a paper, and dried them carefully. When this was done to his mind, and not till then, he consented to put on a fisher-

man's dress and leave his own by the fire, and went down to the beach. What he saw may be briefly related.

The captain stuck by the ship, not so much from gallantry as from a conviction that it was idle to resist Castor or Pollox, whichever it was, that had come for him in a ball of fire. Nevertheless the sea broke up the ship, and swept the poor captain and all clear of the rest, and took him safe ashore. The disconsolate Hebrew landed on another fragment, and on touching earth, offered a reward for his bag, which excited little sympathy, but some amusement. Two more were saved on pieces of the wreck. The thirty egotists came ashore, but one at a time, and dead.

As Gerard stood by the sea watching, with horror and curiosity mixed, his late companions washed ashore, a hand was laid lightly on his shoulder. He turned. It was the Roman matron, burning with womanly gratitude. She took his hand gently, and, raising it slowly to her lips, kissed it; but so nobly, she seemed to be conferring an honor. Then, with face all beaming, and moist eyes, she held her child up, and made him kiss his preserver.

Gerard kissed the child more than once, but he said nothing. He was much moved; for she did not speak at all, except with her eyes, and glowing cheeks, and noble antique gesture, so large and stately. Perhaps she was right. Gratitude is not a

thing of words. It was an ancient Roman matron thanking a modern from her heart of hearts.

bul'warks, here, the sides of a ship above the upper deck.

pol'y the ism, worship of many gods.

shrouds, a set of ropes staying the mast of a ship.

Ne a pol'i tan, belonging to Naples, Italy.

me di æ'vals, people of the Middle Ages (*i.e.* roughly, the period from the sixth to the fifteenth centuries).

Col os'sus of Rhodes. An enormous figure built in the harbor of Rhodes. It was one of the "seven wonders of the world."

fri'ar, a monk; a priest.

cant'icle, a passage from the Bible, chanted in church service.

sac'ris ty, an apartment in a church.

ab solve', to declare forgiveness for sin.

im preg'na ble, strong to resist attack; unconquerable.

Cas'tor and Pol'lux, in mythology Cas-tor and Pollux were twin brothers. They were supposed to have been transferred to the heavens as a constellation.

pa'gan, a worshipper of false gods.

e'go tist, one whose thought is centred on himself.

scup'pers, openings in the ship's bulwarks to let water off the deck.

Do min'i can, one of the order of monks named after St. Dominic.

CHARLES READE (1814-1884) was a popular English novelist and dramatist.

THE RAINBOW

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky ;

So was it when my life began ;

So is it now I am a man ;

So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die !

The child is father of the man ;

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

THE GRASSHOPPER

ANACREON

HAPPY insect, what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink and dance and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All the summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough,
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently enjoy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know;
But when thou'st drunk and danced and sung

Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
 (Voluptuous and wise withal,
 Epicurean animal!)
 Sated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

Gan'y mede, in mythology, the cup-bearer of the gods.

Phœ'bus, one of the names of Apollo, the sun-god.

vo lup'tu ous, given up to the enjoyment of luxury and pleasure.

hinds, peasants.

Ep i cu re'an, fond of pleasure. Epicurus was a Greek philosopher who taught that pleasure was the greatest good which men could seek.

ANACREON was a famous Greek poet who lived from 563 to 478 B.C. This poem was translated by ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667), an English writer of graceful verse.

THE BIRD

JOHN RUSKIN

THE bird is a little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes. The air is in all its quills; it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying, like a blown flame; it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it — *is* the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself.

Also into the throat of the bird is given the voice of the air. All that in the wind itself is weak, wild, useless in sweetness, is knit together in song. As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanded

voice: unwearied, rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture of choir at daybreak, or lisping and twittering among the boughs and hedges through heat of day, like little winds that only make the cowslip bells shake, and ruffle the petals of the wild rose.

Also upon the plumes of the bird are put the colors of the air. On these the gold of the cloud, that cannot be gathered by any covetousness, the rubies of the clouds, the vermilion of the cloud-bar, and the flame of the cloud-crest, and the snow of the cloud, and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky, — all these, seized by the creating spirit, and woven into films and threads of plume; with wave on wave following and fading along breast, and throat, and opened wings, infinite as the dividing of the foam and the sifting of the sea-sand — even the white down of the cloud seeming to flutter up between the stronger plumes, seen, but too soft for touch.

IN PRAISE OF SINGING BIRDS

IZAAK WALTON

AT first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her, quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then

mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

How do the blackbird and throssel (song-thrush), with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to! Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as, namely, the laverock (skylark), the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, "Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!"

IZAACK WALTON (1593-1683) was a noted English author, whose most famous book was "The Complete Angler."

THE PILGRIMS OF 1620

EDWARD EVERETT

METHINKS I see one solitary, adventurous vessel, the *Mayflower*, of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the

unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation, in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route, — and now, driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves.

The awful voice of the storm brawls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats against the staggering vessel.

I see them escape from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, — weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England?

Tell me, politician, how long did a shadow of a colony on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this.

Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea? was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?

And is it possible, that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

EDWARD EVERETT (1794-1865) was a distinguished American orator and statesman. He filled at various times the positions of President of Harvard College, Minister to England, and Secretary of State.

To err is human ; to forgive, divine.

— POPE.

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing :
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Or'pheus, in Greek story, a wonder- ful musician, singer, and poet. It is said that he charmed the beasts,	the waters, and the trees with his music. killing care, that is, care that kills.
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THE PEN

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

BENEATH the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch enchanter's wand! — itself a nothing
But taking sorcery from the master's hand
To paralyze the Cæsars and to strike
The loud earth breathless! Take away the sword —
States can be saved without it.

FORTUNE

ALFRED TENNYSON

TURN, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

THE CHILD¹

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

HE owns the bird-songs of the hills —
The laughter of the April rills;
And his are all the diamonds set
In Morning's dewy coronet, —
And his the Dusk's first minted stars
That twinkle through the pasture bars,
And litter all the skies at night
With glittering scraps of silver light;—
The rainbow's bar, from rim to rim,
In beaten gold, belongs to him.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY was born in Indiana in 1852. Many of his best poems are upon childhood and nature.

¹From Riley's "Child's Rhymes," by permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Co.



THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

E. Burne-Jones

THE TAKING OF QUEBEC

ELIOT B. G. Warburton

THE closing scene of French dominion in Canada was marked by circumstances of deep and peculiar interest. The pages of romance can furnish no more striking episode than the battle of Quebec. The skill and daring of the plan which brought on the combat, and the success and fortune of its execution, are unparalleled. A broad, open plain, offering no advantages to either party, was the field of fight. The contending armies were nearly equal in military strength, if not in numbers. The chiefs of both were men already of honorable fame. France trusted firmly in the wise and chivalrous Montcalm; England trusted hopefully in the young and heroic Wolfe.

The magnificent stronghold which was staked upon the issue of the strife stood close at hand. For miles and miles around, the prospect extended over as fair a land as ever rejoiced the sight of man — mountain and valley, forest and waters, city and solitude, grouped together in forms of almost ideal beauty.

Quebec stands on the slope of a lofty eminence on the left bank of the St. Lawrence. A table-land extends westward from the citadel for about nine miles. The portion of the heights nearest the

town on the west is called the Plains of Abraham. Wolfe had discovered a narrow path winding up the side of the steep precipice from the river. For miles on either side there was no other possible access to the heights. Up this narrow path Wolfe decided to lead secretly his whole army and make the plains his battleground!

The extraordinary daring of the enterprise was its safety. The wise and cautious Montcalm had guarded against all the probable chances of war; but he was not prepared against an attempt for which the pages of romance can scarcely furnish a parallel.

Great preparations were made throughout the fleet and the army for the decisive movement; but the plans were still kept secret. A wise caution was observed in this respect; for the treachery of a single deserter might have imperilled the success of the expedition had its exact object been known. At nine o'clock at night, on the 13th of September, 1759, the first division of the army, sixteen hundred strong, silently removed into flat-bottomed boats. The soldiers were in high spirits: Wolfe led in person. About an hour before daylight, the flotilla dropped down with the ebb-tide. "Weather favorable; a starlight night."

Silently and swiftly, unchallenged by the French sentries, Wolfe's flotilla dropped down the stream in the shade of the overhanging cliffs. The rowers

scarcely stirred the waters with their oars; the soldiers sat motionless. Not a word was spoken, save by the young general. He, as a midshipman on board of his boat afterwards related, repeated in a low voice to the officers by his side Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and as he concluded the beautiful verses, he said, "Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec!"

But while Wolfe thus in the poet's words gave vent to the intensity of his feelings, his eye was constantly bent upon the dark outline of the heights under which he was hurrying. He recognized at length the appointed spot (now called Wolfe's Cove), and leaped ashore. Some of the leading boats conveying the light company of the 78th Highlanders had in the meantime been carried about two hundred yards lower down by the strength of the tide. These Highlanders, under Captain Donald MacDonald, were the first to land. Immediately over their heads hung a woody precipice, without track or path upon its rocky face. On the summit, a French sentinel marched to and fro, still unconscious of their presence.

Without a moment's hesitation, MacDonald and his men dashed at the height. They scrambled up, holding on by rocks and branches of trees, guided only by the stars that shone over the top of the cliff. Half the ascent was already won, when for the first

time "*Qui vive?*" broke the silence of the night. "*La France,*" answered the Highland captain, with ready self-possession, and the sentry shouldered his musket and pursued his round.

In a few minutes, however, the rustling of the trees close at hand alarmed the French guard. They hastily turned out, fired an irregular volley down the precipice, and fled in panic. The captain, M. de Vergor, alone, though wounded, stood his ground. When summoned to surrender he fired at one of the leading assailants, but was instantly overpowered. In the meantime, nearly five hundred men landed, and made their way up the height. Those who had first reached the summit then took possession of the intrenched post, at the top of the path which Wolfe had selected for the ascent of his army.

Wolfe, Monckton, and Murray landed with the first division. As fast as each boat was cleared, it put back for reënforcements to the ships, which had now also floated down with the tide to a point nearly opposite that of disembarkation. The battalions formed on the narrow beach at the foot of the winding path, and as soon as completed, each ascended the cliff, when they again formed upon the plains above.

The boats plied busily; company after company was quickly landed; and as soon as the men touched the shore, they swarmed up the steep

ascent with ready alacrity. When morning broke, the whole disposable force of Wolfe's army stood in firm array upon the table-land above the cove. Only one gun, however, could be carried up the hill; and even that was not got into position without incredible difficulty.

Montcalm was already worsted as a general; it was still, however, left him to fight as a soldier. His order of battle was steadily and promptly made. His total force engaged was 7520, besides Indians. Wolfe showed only a force of 4828 of all ranks; but every man was a trained soldier.

The French attacked. After a spirited advance made by a swarm of skirmishers, their main body, in long unbroken lines, was seen approaching Wolfe's position. Soon a murderous and incessant fire began. The British troops fell fast. Wolfe, at the head of the 28th, was struck in the wrist, but was not disabled. Wrapping a handkerchief around the wound, he hastened from one rank to the other, exhorting the men to be steady and to reserve their fire. No English soldier pulled a trigger: with matchless endurance they sustained the trial. Not a company wavered: their arms shouldered as if on parade, and motionless, save when they closed up the ghastly gaps, they waited the word of command.

When the head of the French attack had reached within forty yards, Wolfe gave the order to "fire."

At once the long row of muskets was levelled, and a volley, distinct as a single shot, flashed from the British line. For a moment the advancing columns still pressed on, shivering like pennons in the fatal storm; but a few paces told how terrible had been the force of the long-suspended blow.

Montcalm commanded the attack in person. Not fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had first moved on his line of battle, and already all was lost! But the gallant Frenchman, though ruined, was not dismayed. He rode through the broken ranks, cheered them with his voice, encouraged them by his dauntless bearing, and aided by a small redoubt even succeeded in again presenting a front to his enemy.

Meanwhile Wolfe's troops had reloaded. He seized the opportunity of the hesitation in the hostile ranks, and ordered the whole British line to advance. At first they moved forward with majestic regularity, receiving and paying back with deadly interest the volleys of the French; but soon the ardor of the soldiers broke through the restraints of discipline—they increased their pace to a run, rushing over the dying and the dead, and sweeping the living enemy off their path.

Wolfe was then wounded in the body; but he concealed his suffering, for his duty was not yet accomplished. Again a ball from the redoubt struck him on the breast. He reeled on one side; but at the moment that was not generally observed.

"Support me," said he to a grenadier officer who was close at hand, "that my brave fellows may not see me fall." In a few seconds, however, he sank, and was borne a little to the rear.

The brief struggle fell heavily upon the British, but was ruinous to the French. They wavered under the carnage; the columns which death had disordered were soon broken and scattered. Montcalm, with a courage that rose above the wreck of hope, galloped through the groups of his stubborn veterans, who still made head against the enemy, and strove to show a front of battle. His efforts were vain. In a few minutes the French gave way in all directions. Just then their gallant general fell with a mortal wound; from that time all was utter rout.

While the British troops were carrying all before them, their young general's life was ebbing fast away. From time to time he tried, with his faint hand, to clear away the death-mist that gathered on his sight; but the efforts seemed vain, for presently he lay back, and gave no signs of life beyond a heavy breathing and an occasional groan.

Meantime the French had given way, and were flying in all directions. A grenadier officer seeing this, called out to those around him, "See! they run!" The words caught the ear of the dying man. He raised himself, like one aroused from *sleep*, and asked eagerly, "Who run?" "The

enemy, sir," answered the officer, "they give way everywhere." "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," said Wolfe, "tell him to march Webbe's (the 48th) regiment with all speed down to the St. Charles River, to cut off the retreat." His voice grew faint as he spoke, and he turned on his side, as if seeking an easier position. When he had given this last order, his eyes closed in death.

When the news reached England, triumph and lamentation were strangely intermingled. Astonishment and admiration at the splendid victory, with sorrow for the loss of the gallant victor, filled every breast. Throughout all the land were illuminations and public rejoicings, except in the little Kentish village of Westerham, where Wolfe had been born, and where his widowed mother now mourned her only child.

After further successes of the British in other parts of Canada, under generals Amherst, Haviland, and Sir William Johnson, the French cause became hopeless. On the 8th of September, 1760, a British force of sixteen thousand men assembled before Montreal; and on the same day a capitulation was signed which severed Canada from France forever.

One of the most momentous political questions that have ever moved the human race was decided in this struggle. When a few English and French emigrants first landed among the Virginian and Canadian forests it began; when the British flag was

hoisted on the citadel of Quebec it was decided. From that day Providence pointed out to the Anglo-Saxon race that to them was henceforth intrusted the destiny of the New World.

flō til'la, a small fleet.

High'land ers, men from the Highlands, a beautiful district in the north and west of Scotland.

bat tal'ion, an army, or a section of an army, in battle array.

car'nage, slaughter; bloodshed.

gren a dier', originally a soldier who threw hand-grenades, that is, explosive missiles.

Qui vive, Who goes there ?

M., an abbreviation of "Monsieur," equivalent to our "Mister."

skir'mish ers, irregular fighters in parties.

re doubt', an enclosed work of defence.

ca pit u la'tion, surrender.

An'glo Sax'on, here, the English, and later, the Americans.

ELIOT BARTHOLOMEW GEORGE WARBURTON (1810-1852) was an Irish traveller, historian, biographer, and novelist.

STARS

BARRY CORNWALL

THEY glide upon their endless way,

Forever calm, forever bright;

No blind hurry, no delay,

Mark the Daughters of the Night:

They follow in the track of Day,

In divine delight.

Shine on, sweet orb'd Souls for aye,

Forever calm, forever bright:

We ask not whither lies your way,

Nor whence ye came, nor what your light.

Be still a dream throughout the day,

A blessing through the night.

ANNABEL LEE

EDGAR ALLAN POE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingéd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we ;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by her side
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849) was an American poet and writer of tales. Much of his poetry is remarkable for its rhythm.

TRANSIENT PLEASURES

ROBERT BURNS

BUT pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
Or like the snowflake in the river,
A moment white — then melts forever ;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796) was one of the greatest Scotch poets.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

THAT wonderful book, the "Pilgrim's Progress," while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Dr. Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favor of the "Pilgrim's Progress." That work was one of the two or three works which he wished longer.

In every nursery the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a greater favorite than "Jack the Giant-Killer." Every reader knows the plain and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times.

This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should be the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turnstile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted.


The wicket gate and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction, the long line of road as straight as a rule can make it, the Interpreter's house and all its fair shows, the prisoner in the iron cage, the palace at the doors of which

armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold, the cross and the sepulchre, the steep hill and the pleasant arbor, the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside, the chained lions in the porch, the green Valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks, all are as well known to us as the sights of our own street.

Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pilgrim fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro are heard through the darkness.

The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes to terrify the adventurers. Thence he goes on, amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long valley he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones of those whom they had slain.

Then the road passes straight on through a waste moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear before the traveller; and soon he is in the *midst* of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair.



There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet-shows. There stand Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and Britain Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine and through the meadow of lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river which is bordered on both sides by fruit trees. On the left branches off the path leading to the horrible castle, the courtyard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims; and right onward are the sheepfolds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

From the Delectable Mountains, the way lies through the fogs and briers of the Enchanted Ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbor. And beyond is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and sheets of pearl, on the other side of that black and cold river over which there is no bridge.

fas tid'i ous, difficult to please.

des'ul to ry, passing from one subject to another without order.

the tin'ker, that is, Bunyan.

de cliv'i ty, a downward slope.

dis cern'i ble, capable of being seen.

noi'some, offensive in smell.

de lec'ta ble, delightful.

VANITY FAIR

JOHN BUNYAN

THEN I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair. It is kept all the year long; it beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where 'tis kept is lighter than vanity; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. As is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is vanity."

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing; I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago, there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are. And Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair: a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that should last all the year long; therefore, at this fair, are all such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, pleasures; and delights of all sorts, as lives, blood, bodies, souls, *silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.*

And, moreover, at this fair there are at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind. Here are to be seen, too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, false swearers, and that of a blood-red color.

And as in other fairs of less moment, there are the several rows and streets, under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, streets (*viz.* countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But as in other fairs, some one commodity is as the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Vanity and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair.

Now, as I said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the city, and yet not go through this town, must needs "go out of the world." The prince of princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair-day too; yea, and as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities; yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he have but done him reverence as he went through the town.

Yea, because he was such a person of honor,

Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure that blessed one to cheapen and buy some of his vanities; but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair.

Now these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did; but, behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself, as it were, in a hubbub about them; and that for several reasons: for, —

First: The pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people, therefore, of the fair, made a great gazing upon them: some said they were fools, some they were bedlams, and some they were outlandish men.

Secondly: And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said. They naturally spoke the language of Canaan, but they that kept the fair were the men of this world; so that from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly: But that which did not a little amuse



After H. C. Selous

VANITY FAIR

the merchandisers, was that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares; they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity," and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic was in Heaven.

One chanced, mockingly, beholding the carriage of the men, to say unto them, "What will ye buy?" But they, looking gravely upon him, answered, "We buy the truth." At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down, and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take these men into examination about whom the fair was almost overturned.

So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them, asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there, in such unusual garb? The men told them that they were pilgrims, and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem; and that they had given none occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers thus to abuse them, and

to let them in their journey, except it was for that when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth. But they that were appointed to examine them, did not believe them to be any other than bedlams, and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair.

There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the main objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge, the great one of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing, and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair that were more observing, and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for the continual abuses done by them to the men. They, therefore, in angry manner, let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes.

The others replied, that for aught they could see, the men were quiet and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men that

they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides (the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them), they fell to some blows and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and there charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and a terror to others, lest any should further speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them.

But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them, with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side several of the men in the fair, though but few in comparison of the rest. This put the other party yet into greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened that the cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die, for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in, and made their feet fast in the stocks. They now comforted each other, and committed *themselves* to the All-wise dispose of Him that

ruleth all things, with much content, they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

Then a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial, in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies and arraigned. The judge's name was Lord Hategood. Their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form; the contents whereof were this:—

“That they were enemies to and disturbers of their trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince.”

Then Faithful began to answer, that he had only set himself against that which had set itself against Him that is higher than the highest. “And,” said he, “as for disturbance, I make none, being myself a man of peace; the parties that were won to us, were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better. And as to the king you talk of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels.”

The proclamation was made, that they that had aught to say for their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar, should forthwith appear and give in their evidence. So there came in three

witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. They were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar; and what they had to say for their lord the king against him.

Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect: "My lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath before this honorable bench, that he is —"

Judge. "Hold! Give him his oath." So they swore him. Then he said: — "My lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country. He neither regardeth prince nor people, law nor custom; but doth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he, in the general, calls principles of faith and holiness. And, in particular, I heard him once myself condemn the customs of our town of Vanity. By which saying, my lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them." Then did the judge say to him, "Hast thou any more to say?"

Envy. "My lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court. Yet, if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will despatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him." So he was bid to stand by.

Then they called Superstition, and bid him look upon the prisoner. They also asked what he could

say for their lord the king against him. Then they swore him; so he began.

Superstition. "My lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him; however, this I know, that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that, the other day, I had with him in this town; for then, talking with him, I heard him say that our religion was nought. Which sayings of his, my lord, your lordship very well knows what necessarily thence will follow, to wit, that we still do worship in vain, and are yet in our sins, and this is that which I have to say."

Then was Pickthank sworn, and bid say what he knew, in behalf of their lord the king, against the prisoner at the bar.

Pickthank. "My lord, and you gentlemen all, this fellow I have known of a long time, and have heard him speak things that ought not to be spoke; for he hath railed on our noble prince Beelzebub, and hath spoken contemptibly of his honorable friends, whose names are the lord Old Man, the lord Carnal Delight, the lord Luxurious, the lord Desire of Vain Glory, Sir Having Greedy, with all the rest of our nobility. He hath said, moreover, that if all men were of his mind, if possible, there is not one of these noblemen should have any longer a being in this town. Besides, he hath not been afraid to rail on you, my lord, who are now ap-

pointed to be his judge, calling you an ungodly villain, with many other such like vilifying terms, with which he hath bespattered most of the gentry of our town."

When this Pickthank had told his tale, the judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, "Thou runagate, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?"

Faithful. "May I speak a few words in my own defence?"

Judge. "Sirrah! sirrah! thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet, that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us see what thou hast to say. . . ."

Then the judge called to the jury (who all this while stood by, to hear and observe): "Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town. You have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him. Also you have heard his reply and confession. It lieth now in your breasts to hang him or save his life; but yet I think meet to instruct you into our law.

"There was an act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that, lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into *the river*. There was also an act made in the days

of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whosoever would not fall down and worship his golden image, should be thrown into a fiery furnace.

“There was also an act made in the days of Darius, that whoso, for some time, called upon any god but him, should be cast into the lions’ den. Now the substance of these laws, this rebel has broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne), but also in word and deed; which must therefore needs be intolerable.

“For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition, to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputed against our religion; and for the treason he hath confessed, he deserveth to die the death.”

Then went the jury out, whose names were Mr. Blind-man, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light, and Mr. Implacable; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the judge.

And first, among themselves, Mr. Blind-man, the foreman, said, “I see clearly that this man is an heretic.” Then said Mr. No-good, “Away with such a fellow from the earth.” “Ay,” said Mr.

Malice, "for I hate the very looks of him; I could never endure him." "Nor I," said Mr. Live-loose, "for he would always be condemning my way." "Hang him, hang him," said Mr. Heady. "A sorry scrub," said Mr. High-mind. "My heart riseth against him," said Mr. Enmity. "He is a rogue," said Mr. Liar. "Hanging is too good for him," said Mr. Cruelty. "Let us despatch him out of the way," said Mr. Hate-light. Then said Mr. Implacable, "Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore, let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death."

And so they did; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented. They therefore brought him out, to do with him according to their law; and, first, they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that, they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords; and, last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end.

Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses, waiting for Faithful, who (so soon as his adversaries had despatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, *the nearest way to the Celestial Gate.*

But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison. So he there remained for a space; but He that overrules all things, having the power of their rage in His own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them, and went his way.

Be el'ze bub, called in the Bible, "prince of the devils."

vend'ed, sold.

lust'y, pleasant; attractive.

The prince of princes himself, etc.

For an explanation of this passage, see Matt. iv. 1-11.

bed'lams, madmen.

car'riage, here, behavior.

pil'lo ry, a frame of wood erected on a post, with holes through which were put the head and hands of an offender, who was thus exposed to public ridicule.

ig'no min y, deep disgrace.

ar raigned', charged with crime or offence.

re mand'ed, ordered back.

in dict' (dit) ment, accusation.

vil'i fy ing, slandering; treating as worthless.

run'a gate, a vagabond.

sir'rah, fellow.

Neb u chad nez'zar, an ancient king of Babylonia, in western Asia. See Daniel i-iv, especially chap. iii.

Pha'raoh (rō), a name given to the ancient rulers of Egypt. See Ex. i. 22.

Da ri'us, king of Persia, 521-486 B.C. See Daniel v. 31, and chap. vi.

buf'fet, to strike with the fist.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

ALFRED J. CHURCH

KING PORSENA gathered together a great army and came up against Rome. When men heard of his coming there was such a fear as had never been before. Nevertheless they were steadfastly purposed to hold out.

All that were in the country fled to the city.

Round about the city they set guards to keep it, part being defended by walls, and part, for so it seemed, being made safe by the river.

But here a great peril had well-nigh overtaken the city. There was a wooden bridge on the river by which the enemy could have crossed but for the courage of a certain Horatius. There was a hill which men called Janiculum on the opposite side of the river, and this hill King Porsena took by a sudden attack.

Horatius chanced to have been set to guard the bridge. He saw how the enemy were running at full speed to the place, and how the Romans were fleeing in confusion. He cried with a loud voice, "Men of Rome, if ye leave this bridge behind you for men to pass over, ye shall soon find that you have more enemies in your city than in Janiculum. Do ye therefore break it down with axe and fire as best ye can. In the meanwhile I, so far as one man may do, will stay the enemy."

As he spoke he ran forward to the farther end of the bridge and made ready to keep the way against the enemy. There stood two with him, Lartius and Herminius by name, men of noble birth and of great renown in arms. These three stayed the first onset of the enemy; and the men of Rome broke down the bridge.

When there was but a small part remaining, and *they that broke* it down called to the three that they

should come back, Horatius bade the others return. He himself remained on the farther side, crying, "Dare ye now to fight with me? Why are ye thus come up at the bidding of your master, King Porsena, to rob others of the freedom that ye care not to have for yourselves?"

For a while they delayed, looking each man to his neighbor, who should first deal with this champion of the Romans.

Then for very shame they all ran forward, and raising a great shout threw their javelins at him. These all he took upon his shield, nor stood less firmly in his place on the bridge. Suddenly the men of Rome raised a great shout, for the bridge was now broken down, and fell with a great crash into the river.

And as the enemy stayed awhile for fear, Horatius turned to the river and said, "O Father Tiber, I beseech thee this day that thou kindly receive this soldier and his arms." As he spake he leapt with all his arms into the river and swam across to his own people. Though many javelins of the enemy fell about him, he was not one whit hurt.

Nor did such valor fail to receive honor from the city. The citizens set up a statue of Horatius in the market place; and they gave him of the public lands so much as he could plough about in one day. Also there was this honor paid him, that each citizen took somewhat of his own store and gave it to him, for food was scarce in the city by reason of the siege.

HORATIUS

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

Lucius Tarquinius Superbus, "Tarquin the Proud," was the seventh and last king of Rome. His rule was so tyrannical, and the deeds of his son Sextus were so wicked, that the whole family was expelled from the city. Tarquin and his two sons took refuge in the country of Etru'ria, to the north of Rome and west of the river Tiber. Here they found a friend in Lars Por'sena, the king of the Etruscan city of Clu'si um, with whom they made an alliance. In 509 B.C. Lars Porsena marched with a great army to the gates of Rome to replace Tarquin on the throne. The following poem tells how the Etruscans were prevented from entering the city, even after gaining a victory outside the walls.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium

By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain

From many a stately market-place;
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine. . . .

The harvests of Arretium,
This year old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright :
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways ;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay. . . .

They held a council standing
Before the River Gate.
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly :
"The bridge must straight go down ;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear ;
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul,
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,

And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come ;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war note proud,
The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears. . . .

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
" Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down ;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town ? "

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate :
" To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods ?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may ;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me ?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,
A Ramnian proud was he :
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius,
Of Titian blood was he :
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Went forth the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrels
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party ;
Then all were for the state ;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great ;
Then lands were fairly portioned ;
Then spoils were fairly sold ;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.



HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

Now, while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe;
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light;
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way. . . .

Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low;

Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice-accurséd sail." . . .

"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at this haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath and shame and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses
In the path of the dauntless Three.
And from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys, who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair

Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack?
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet peal
Dies fitfully away.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

With a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,

And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream ;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken,
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free ;
And whirling down in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius ;
But constant still in mind,
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“ Down with him ! ” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
“ Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“ Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank.
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows.
And oft they thought him sinking;
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place.
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,

And our good Father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

And now he feels the bottom ;
Now on dry earth he stands ;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands ;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night ;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within ;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;

When young and old in circle
 Around the firebrands close ;
 When the girls are weaving baskets,
 And the lads are shaping bows ;

When the goodman mends his armor,
 And trims his helmet's plume ;
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom, —
 With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told,
 How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

The nine gods, of Etruria. The three chief ones were Ju'no, Min'er'va, and Tin'ia.

a main', in full force.

Ap'en nines, a mountain range which runs through Italy.

Ar're'ti um, Lu'na, Su'tri um, towns of Etruria.

Um'bro, a river in Etruria.

must, the juice of the grape, trodden out in the wine-press.

La'tian, belonging to the province of La'tium, in Italy, in which Rome was situated.

Tus'cu lan, belonging to the city of Tusculum, in Latium.

cham paign', a flat, open country.

Rock Tar pe'ian, a rocky peak in the city of Rome; from it condemned criminals were hurled to their death.

burgh'ers, those who dwell in a town.

Fathers of the City, the Roman senate. **Con'sul**, one of the two chief rulers in the time after Rome ceased to be a kingdom.

Ja nic'u lum, the highest of the seven hills of Rome.

Ram'ni an, Ti'tian, the Ramnes and Titians were two of the three tribes into which the ancient Roman people were said to have been divided; the third was called the Luceres.

Os'tia, a city in Latium, at the mouth of the Tiber; a port of Rome.

Cam pa'ni a, a province in Italy south-east of Latium.

Pal a ti'nus, one of the hills of Rome.

Tus'ca ny, Etruria.

ween, think; fancy.

shut'tle, an instrument for passing the thread from one side of the cloth to the other, in weaving.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859) was a renowned English historian, poet, essayist, and statesman. His style is a model of purity, clearness, and vigor. The poem here given is abridged from his "*Lays of Ancient Rome*."

DEFINITION OF GOOD BREEDING

LORD CHESTERFIELD

A FRIEND of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be "the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed), it is astonishing to me that anybody who has good sense and good nature can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances, and are to be acquired only by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same.

Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general — their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine.

Mutual complaisance, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences are as natural an implied compact between civilized people as protection and

obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred.

Thus much for good breeding in general; I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it. Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should show to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors, such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of showing that respect which is different.

The man of fashion and of the world expresses it in its fullest extent, but naturally, easily, and without concern; whereas a man who is not used to keep good company expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal; but I never saw the worst-bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to show that respect which everybody means to show in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and *experience must teach you.*

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them is, for the time at least, supposed to be on a footing of equality with the rest; and consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behavior and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden.

If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a block-head, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women, who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies must be officiously attended to, and if possible, guessed at and anticipated by a well-bred man.

You must never usurp to yourself those conveniences and gratifications which are of common right, such as the best places, the best dishes, etc.; but on the contrary, always decline them yourself.

and offer them to others, who, in their turns, will offer them to you, so that upon the whole you will in your turn enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shows his good breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce, the practice.

There is a third sort of good breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private social life. But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons; and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends is soon destroyed.

The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships require a degree of good breeding both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides, and it is as imprudent *as it is ill-bred* to exhibit them. I shall not use

ceremony with you — it would be misplaced between us — but I shall certainly observe that degree of good breeding with you which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

<p>com plai'sance, disposition to please or oblige.</p> <p>Ar is ti'des, a Greek statesman and general, surnamed "The Just."</p>	<p>lat'i tude, freedom from restraint.</p> <p>of fi'cious, courteous; forward in offering services.</p> <p>an tip'a thy, dislike.</p>
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PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE (1694–1773), the fourth earl of Chesterfield, was an English politician, orator, and author, famous as a man of fashion. His chief work is "Letters to his Son," from which this selection is taken. These letters give instruction in manners and morals.

A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

I THINK the old fellow has hitherto had scant justice done him in the main. Suppose we grant that Winter is the sleep of the year, what then? I take it upon me to say that his dreams are finer than the best reality of his waking rivals.

"Sleep, Silence's child, the father of soft Rest,"

is a very agreeable acquaintance, and most of us are better employed in his company than anywhere else. For my own part, I think Winter a pretty wide-awake old boy, and his bluff sincerity and hearty

ways are more congenial to my mind than any charms of which his rivals are capable.

Spring is a fickle mistress, who either does not know her own mind, or is so long in making it up, whether you shall have her or not have her, that one gets tired at last of her pretty miffs and reconciliations. You go to her to be cheered up a bit, and ten to one catch her in the sulks, expecting you to find enough good humor for both.

After she has become Mrs. Summer she grows a little more staid in her demeanor; and her abundant table, where you are sure to get the earliest fruits and vegetables of the season, is a good foundation for steady friendship; but she has lost that delicious aroma of maidenhood, and what was delicately rounded grace in the girl gives more than hints of something like redundancy in the matron.

Autumn is the poet of the family. He gets you up a splendor that you would say was made out of real sunset; but it is nothing more than a few hectic leaves, when all is done. He is but a sentimentalist after all, whining along the ancestral avenues he has made bare timber of, and begging a contribution of good-spirits from your own savings to keep him in countenance.

But Winter has his delicate sensibilities too, only he does not make them as good as indelicate by thrusting them forever in your face. He is a better *poet than Autumn*, when he has a mind, but, like a

truly great one as he is, he brings you down to your bare manhood, and bids you understand him out of that. He does not touch those melancholy chords on which Autumn is so great a master.

Take Winter as you find him, and he turns out to be a thoroughly honest fellow, with no nonsense in him, and tolerating none in you, which is a great comfort in the long run. He is not what they call a genial critic; but bring a real man along with you, and you will find there is a crabbed generosity about the old cynic that you would not exchange for all the creamy concessions of Autumn. "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness?" quotha. That's just it; Winter soon blows your head clear of fog, and makes you see things as they are; I thank him for it!

The truth is, between ourselves, I have a very good opinion of the whole family, who always welcome me without making me feel as if I were too much of a poor relation. There ought to be some kind of distance, never so little, you know, to give the true relish. They are as good company, the worst of them, as any I know, and I am not a little flattered by a condescension from any of them; but I happen to hold Winter's retainer this time, and like an honest advocate I am bound to make as good a showing as I can for him, even if it cost a few slurs upon the rest of the household. Moreover, Winter is coming, and one would like to get on the right side of him.

The preludings of Winter are as beautiful as those of Spring. In a gray December day, when, as the farmers say, it is too cold to snow, his numbed fingers will let fall doubtfully a few star-shaped flakes, the snowdrops and anemones that harbinger his more assured reign. Now, and now only, may be seen heaped on the horizon's eastern edge, those blue "clouds" from which Shakespeare says that Mars "doth pluck the masoned turrets." Sometimes, also, when the sun is low, you will see a single cloud trailing a flurry of snow along the southern hills in a wavering fringe of purple. And when at last the real snowstorm comes, it leaves the earth with a virginal look on it that no other of the seasons can rival—compared with which, indeed, they seem soiled and vulgar.

And what is there in nature so beautiful as the next morning after such confusion of the elements? Night has no silence like this of busy day. All the batteries of noise are spiked. We see the movement of life as a deaf man sees it, a mere wraith of the clamorous existence that inflicts itself on our ears when the ground is bare. The earth is clothed in innocence as a garment. Every wound of the landscape is healed; what was unsightly has been covered gently with a soft splendor, as if nature had cleverly let fall her handkerchief to hide it.

"The fanned snow

That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er,"

is packed so hard sometimes on hill-slopes that it will bear your weight. What grace is in all the curves, as if every one of them had been swept by that inspired thumb of Phidia's journeyman.

Poets have fancied the footprints of the wind in those light ripples that sometimes scurry across smooth water with a sudden blur. But on this gleaming hush the aërial deluge has left plain marks of its course; and in gullies through which it rushes torrent-like, the eye finds its bed irregularly scooped like that of a brook in hard beach-sand, or, in more sheltered spots, traced with outlines like those left by the sliding edges of the surf upon the shore.

Nor is the wind the only thing whose trail you will notice on this sensitive surface. You will find that you have more neighbors and night visitors than you dreamed of. Here is the dainty footprint of a cat; here a dog has looked in on you like an amateur watchman to see if all is right, slumping clumsily about in the mealy treachery. And look! before you were up in the morning, though you were a punctual courtier at the sun's levee, here has been a squirrel zigzagging to and fro like a hound gathering scent, and some tiny bird searching for unimaginable food — perhaps for the tinier creature, whatever it is, that drew this slender continuous trail like those made on the wet beach by light borderers of the sea.

The snow that falls damp comes commonly in

larger flakes from windless skies, and is the prettiest of all to watch from under cover. This sort of snowfall has no fight in it, and does not challenge you to a wrestle like that which drives from the northward, with all moisture thoroughly winnowed out of it by the frosty wind. But the damper and more deliberate falls have a choice knack at draping the trees; and about eaves or stone walls, wherever, indeed, the evaporation is rapid, and it finds a chance to cling, it will build itself out in curves of wonderful beauty. I have seen one of these dumb waves, thus caught in the act of breaking, curl four feet beyond the edge of my roof and hang there for days, as if Nature were too well pleased with her work to let it crumble from its exquisite poise.

After such a storm, if you are lucky enough to have even a sluggish ditch for a neighbor, be sure to pay it a visit. You will find its banks corniced with what seems precipitated light, and the dark current down below gleams as if with an inward lustre. Dull of motion as it is, you never saw water that seemed alive before. It has a brightness like that of the eyes of some smaller animals, which gives assurance of life, but of a life foreign and unintelligible.

sen'si-bil'i-ties, tastes, feelings, emotions.	re-tain'er, one who is held in service; a servant or dependent.
cyn'ic, a snarler; one who holds morose views.	har'bin-ger, a forerunner, a messenger.
<i>quoth'a, indeed, forsooth.</i>	

THE NORTHMEN AND THEIR
LEGENDS

THOMAS CARLYLE

It is doubtless very savage, that kind of valor of the old Northmen. Snorro tells us they thought it a shame and misery not to die in battle; and if natural death seemed to be coming on, they would cut wounds in their flesh, that Odin might receive them as warriors slain. Old kings about to die had their bodies laid into a ship, the ship sent forth, with sails set and slow fire burning it, that, once out to sea, it might blaze up in flame, and in such manner bury worthily the old hero, at once in the sky and in the ocean! Wild bloody valor; yet valor of its kind; better, I say, than none. In the old sea-kings, too, what an indomitable, rugged energy!

The old Norse songs have a truth in them, an inward perennial truth and greatness,—as, indeed, any must have that can very long preserve itself by tradition alone. It is a greatness not of mere body and gigantic bulk, but a rude greatness of soul.

One of Thor's expeditions to Utgard (the Outer Garden, central seat of Jötun-land) is remarkable in this respect. Thialfi was with him, and Loke. After various adventures, they entered upon Giant-land; wandered over plains, wild uncultivated places, among stones and trees. At nightfall they noticed

a house; and as the door, which indeed formed one whole side of the house, was open, they entered. It was a simple habitation: one large hall, altogether empty. They stayed there.

Suddenly, in the dead of the night, loud noises alarmed them. Thor grasped his hammer; stood in the door, prepared for fight. His companions within ran hither and thither in their terror, seeking some outlet in that rude hall; they found a little closet at last, and took refuge there. Neither had Thor any battle, for, lo, in the morning it turned out that the noise had been only the snoring of a certain enormous but peaceable giant, the Giant Skrymir, who lay peaceably sleeping near by; and this that they took for a house was merely his glove, thrown aside there; the door was the glove-wrist; the little closet they had fled into was the thumb! Such a glove; I remark, too, that it had not fingers as ours have, but only a thumb, and the rest undivided—a most ancient, rustic glove!

Skrymir now carried their portmanteau all day. Thor, however, had his own suspicions, did not like the ways of Skrymir, determined at night to put an end to him as he slept. Raising his hammer, he struck down into the giant's face a right thunderbolt blow, of force to rend rocks. The giant merely awoke; rubbed his cheek, and said, "Did a leaf fall?" Again Thor struck, so soon as Skrymir again slept, a better blow than before; but the

giant only murmured, "Was that a grain of sand?" Thor's third stroke was with both his hands, and seemed to dint deep into Skrymir's visage; but he merely checked his snore. At the gate of Utgard, a place so high that you had to "strain your neck bending back to see the top of it," Skrymir went his ways.

Thor and his companions were admitted; invited to take share in the games going on. To Thor, for his part, they handed a drinking-horn; it was a common feat, they told him, to drink this dry at one draught. Long and fiercely, three times over, Thor drank; but made hardly any impression. He was a weak child, they told him. Could he lift that cat he saw there? Small as the feat seemed, Thor with his whole godlike strength could not; he bent up the creature's back, could not raise its feet off the ground, could at the utmost raise one foot. "Why, you are no man," said the Utgard people; "there is an old woman that will wrestle you!" Thor, heartily ashamed, seized this haggard old woman, but could not throw her.

And now, on their quitting Utgard, the chief Jötun, escorting them politely a little way, said to Thor: "You are beaten then: yet be not so much ashamed; there was deception of appearance in it. That horn you tried to drink was the sea. You did make it ebb; but who could drink that, the bottomless! The cat you would have lifted, — why, that

is the Midgard-snake, the great world-serpent, which, tail in mouth, girds and keeps up the whole created world; had you torn that up, the world must have rushed to ruin! As for the old woman, she was Time, Old Age, Duration; with her what can wrestle? No man nor no god with her; gods or men, she prevails over all! And then those three strokes you struck—look at these three valleys; your three strokes made these!”

Thor looked at his attendant Jötun; it was Skrymir. It was, say Norse critics, the old chaotic rocky Earth in person, and that glove-house was some earth cavern! But Skrymir had vanished; Utgard with its sky-high gates, when Thor grasped his hammer to smite them, had gone to air; only the giant's voice was heard mocking, “Better come no more to Jötunheim!”

This is of the allegoric period, as we see, and half-play, not of the prophetic and entirely devout, but as a mythus is there not real antique Norse gold in it?

Snor'ro (1179–1241), a historian and high legal officer of Iceland.

O'din, a Norse god, regarded as the source of wisdom and the protector of culture and of heroes.

in dom'it a ble, not to be subdued.
per en'ni al, never failing; unceasing.

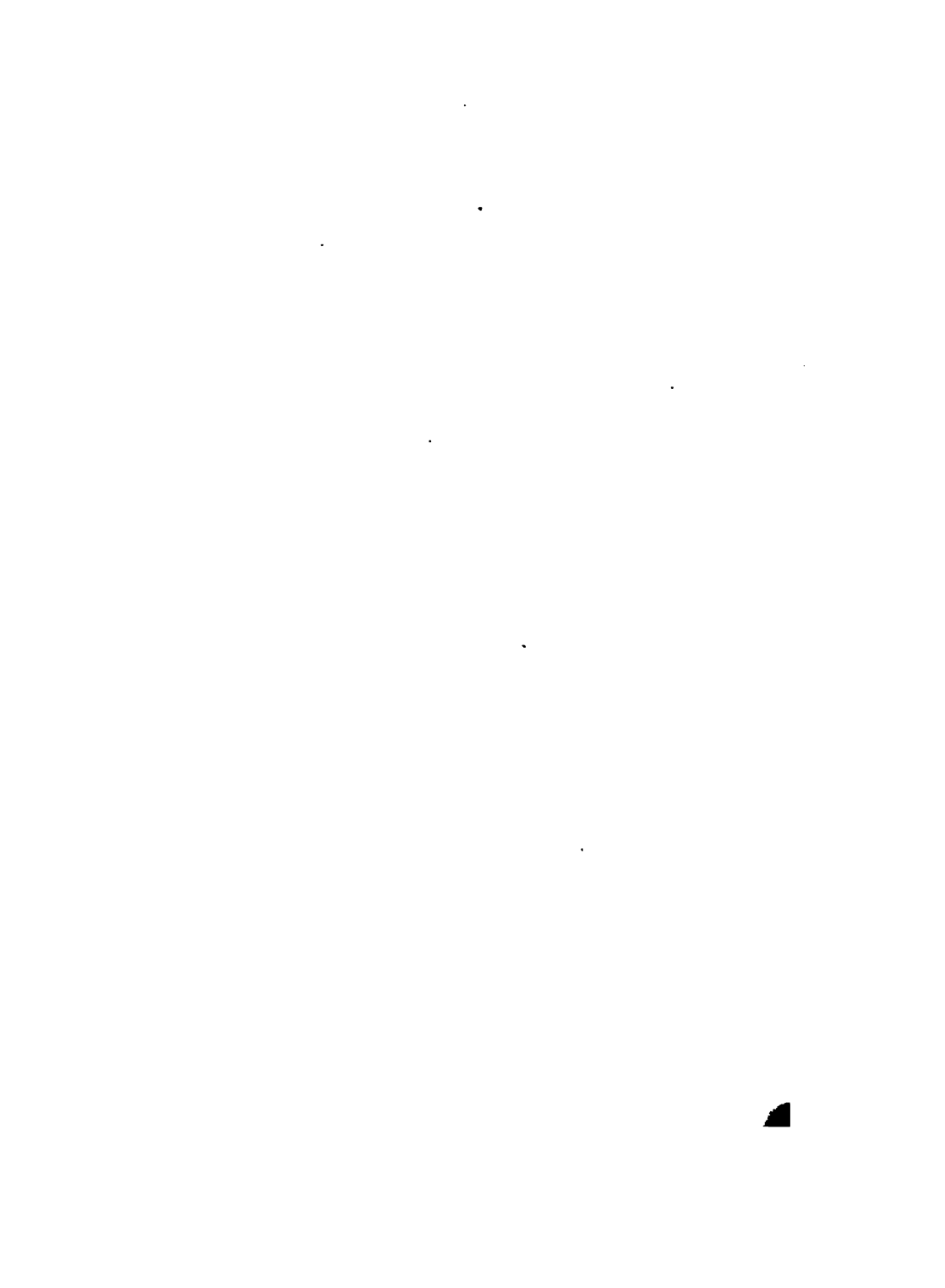
Thor, the second principal Norse god; the god of thunder.

Jö'tun land, or Jö'tun heim (Yê'toon-him), the land of the giants.

port man'teau, a travelling-case.

Mid'gard, in Norse mythology, the abode of the human race.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795–1881) was a noted Scotch essayist, historian, and philosopher. This extract is from his “Heroes and Hero-Worship.”



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